IN THIS NUMBER: *Another Gelett Burgess Farcelette And 200 Other Amusing Things*

Judge

MAY 29, 1920
PRICE 15 CENTS

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
MAY 29 1920
PERIODICAL DIVISION

Copyright, 1920, Judge, New York City

Drawn by EDNA L. CROMPTON

OVERALL BLUE

Camel CIGARETTES

It's a cinch to figure why Camels sell!

YOU certainly get what you're looking for in a cigarette when you smoke Camels—*all* the refreshing flavor, *all* the mellow-mildness, *all* the desirable body any smoker ever did want!

In fact, *to your taste,* Camels combine every joyous feature that could make a cigarette supreme! *That's why Camels are a cigarette revelation!*

Camels expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos makes Camels unlike any cigarette you ever smoked.

Camels quality and Camels blend are so unusual you'll find them unequalled by any cigarette in the world at any price!

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes for 20 cents; or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

MAY 29 1920 ©CI.B461155

Volume 78
$7.00 a Year

JUDGE

"THE HAPPY MEDIUM"

Number 2013
15 Cents a Copy

Entered as second-class matter, October 21, 1881, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879

NEW YORK, MAY 29, 1920

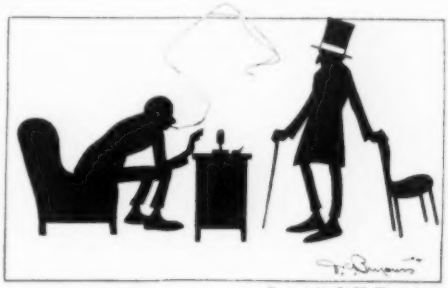
Published Weekly by Leslie-Judge Company
225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Drawn by JOHN CONACHER

The Victim—Ordinarily, that's the last house on earth I'd pay ten thousand dollars for.
Real Estate Agent—Ah, yes!—ordinarily, but you see that *is* the last house on earth!

Thespis—If you never acted better in your life, how was it the play failed?

Foyer—I took the part of a landlord, and made it so true to life that I was hissed off the stage.



Drawn by J. K. BRYANS

Drawn by ANGUS MACDONALD.

THE REEL STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Drawn by Crawford Young

Tactful Motorist—Er. Pardon Me, but Is This the Way to Newark?

The Murder of Jemima Jazz

Second of the Series of Yellowish Mystery Stories

By Gelett Burgess

Author of ***"Are You a Bromide?"***, *"Goops and How to Be Them," "Love in a Hurry," "Ain't Angie Awful!"* ***Etc.***

To be thoroughly enjoyed, this thriller must be read on a dark and stormy night with the wind moaning in the treetops and the lightning playing fitfully around your mosquito screen; if the rain is beating a jazz elegy on the roof so much the better. And you must be alone in the house with a steamless radiator and an empty ice-box. Just outside your open door there must be an intermittent creaking noise as of some one creeping, creeping stealthily—something evil and inhuman, perhaps the landlord. A nice damp draught wafting mouldy odors and suggesting an abandoned tomb will help some. These things will start the gooseflesh to goosestepping up and down your medulla dorsalis, and you are all set for the horrors of this piece of pathematological palpitation. Are you ready? Go!—Editor.

Chapter I

A Curious Corpse

IT was a funny murder—funny, that is, to everybody save Jemima Jazz who was the murderee. True, she had often said, "Why, I almost died laughing!" But if, this time, she had succeeded there was no trace of mirth on those dead lips—no trace of anything but rouge. Besides that, and the three coats of bathtub enamel usual in New York, there was on that facial countenance only an expression or two of infinite happitude.

On her body there were no wounds, except a smallish mosquito bite, though it was quite as large as if the insect had been a large one. Nor was there any trace of poison in that chamber-like room. The saucer of fried soup on the clock had, upon psycho-analysis, proved innocent. An unopened can of imported Frisco fleas had likewise been thoroughly acquitted by the coroner's jury.

What, then, and also who, had killed Jemima Jazz to death? The answer, so far, was zero. The room had been thoroughly demonstrated with a vacuum cleaner, and no clue had been found.

It was Ferrett, the Albino Detective, who did so.

Now, on the wall, where, naturally, a picture should have hanged, there hung a picture. Neither the Police nor the Coroner had thought of same. But Ferrett worked it all out in an inspired instinct. His next thought—for he had two, that day, being Wednesday—was to look at the aforesaid.

It was the portrait, oh, indubitably a portrait—you could tell that by the way the man was clothed—of a beautiful he-youth with tarred hair and ultrafeminine eyelashes. Besides this there were no signs of violence. But when the door had been busted the climate in the room was found to be semi-tropical. An expensive orchid, under the circumstances, or very near it, had been gasping heavily.

Ferrett gazed long at the picture—almost too long, but not quite, though quite long, too. His wonderful pink orbs protruded like rose-pearl studs on a porcelain shirt. Where, he wondered, had he seen those great Alderney eyes—that New Thought smile—that inexpressible, jellified air of lover-like appetitability? Where?

Drawn by R. B. Fuller

THE POWER OF CONCENTRATION

CHAPTER II

Mush in a Movie

INSIDE a great Movie Palace was an interior so huge one wondered how they ever had got it in. It was filled with darksomeness and peppermint.

Ferrett took a half a seat beside a Swedish chewer named Ogla, who believed everything she saw. She believed the heroine's curls had roots, believed the hero could have a fight with seven gangsters and emerge without mussing his Hudson Seal hair. She believed that when a lemon meringue pie was thrown in your face you couldn't remove it without the permission of a Director. She had been married nine times, but she didn't believe the ceremony had ever counted, because the minister didn't stand behind her when she said "You bet!"

It was a Gorgeofilm named "The Installment Kiss" released by the Frenzied Picture Corporation, with Art Captions by Shakespeare Drool. It was full of volvers, revolvers and Packarditis.

Suddenly a Face flashed upon the scream. It was the face of a beautiful he-vamp. It was the face of the picture in the Jazz apartment!

Ferrett stepped heavily on the Swedish foot beside him, and woke her from her purple dream. "Who is the Male Impersonator?" he asked, hoarse as a horse.

"That?—Why it's Spooner Mush, of course. He wears collars for the Narrow Company. Wait till he begins to masticate Gertie Gooey—he'll eat her up, lips and all. See, his mouth is beginning to uncoil already, and it ain't only the first real reel. Look at him smack his teeth! Ain't his eyes Mazdas, though?"

Drawn by C. W. Anderson

"By Jove, Helen, I Believe He's Going to Be a Movie Comedian!"

Ferrett waited till reel three, where Mush began the closest-in of his cute cuddling; and then, attacked by acute see-sickness, hurriedly left the love-fest and gulped down a pony of Soda Bicarbonate.

CHAPTER III

The Gent with the Eyelashes

IN a splendorious pile, golobrified beyond all metaphor, Spooner Mush dwelt, like a weevil in Methuselah's first wedding cake, a peninsula of egoism, almost surrounded by mirrors.

He had from the very first made a three-base-hit with himself, and had elected himself the It of the Civilized World. Every time he approached a looking-glass he accepted his own enthusiastic applause with a low bow.

The great hall in his residentifice was so square as to be almost white. It was entirely papered with female mash notes, which are fiercer than the male, and much, much longer. The postscripts alone covered the ceiling. Spooner spent weeks on top a stepladder reading and re-reading them, often taking his meals up with the flies, trying to discover why the superlatives were so tame. Unless a woman's letter burst into bright orange flames when the envelope was disembowelled, he thought the world was stuffed with sawdust.

"Show him in," said Mush, one day, in answer to a trivial remark of his butler. And he began to swell up, Spooner did, like a doughnut in a Salvation Army kettle at the front. But not for the same reason.

It was the Albino Detective who had trailed him to his hive.

"Where were you, on the 31st of February, if anywhere?" he demanded.

"I was in—in bad," and Mr. Mush looked it.

"Did you ever know a cabaret cat named Jemima Jazz?"

"Not until too late!" the man-doll moaned.

"Come, my man—beg pardon for the hyperbole—you must be brave, even if I have no camera with me. You were amongst her apartment the first day she ever died?"

"But she dyed so often!" cried the mirrormaniac, "it was always showing dark at the roots!"

"Draw it mild, Daisy," warned Ferrett, "it may be used against you."

Drawn by Crawford Young

"[illegible] (proudly)—This trick took great forbearance and patience.

"I'll bet cher! If it had been me, I'd have bitten your leg off!"

Chapter IV

The Mere Manicure

FERRETT wore his fingernails long—very long. But there came times when they seemed more than he could afford. And, if he had no teeth handy, he would have them amputated, *à la carte*.

This being one of those, a shop he entered . . .

Manicures make poor gamblers; they so seldom hold good hands. That's why Zizzette didn't gambol very gaily when the Albino Detective entered, and she drew a pair of fives. But, as she began to deal in his Real Estate, something told her he liked her; it was indeed he himself which. This rumor was soon corroborated by the gift of a small coin. This was coin some, too, for an astringent-wad like Ferrett. Zizzy began to believe there was a god. It made her prettier—or was it the flour on her powder puff? Be that as it may.

"So it was here that Jemima Jazz once worked?" he said, temporarily.

"Worked is correct—many a man she worked—she never dined alone."

Few can sigh like a mere manicure—too few, while sharpening the claws of strangers. It is just as well that this is so, for our next paragraph will show its utter futility.

"And here she met a movie actor, didn't it?"

"Mush!—Mr. Mush!" she cried; and, in her exclaimability she had snipped off the end of his finger. But Zizzy was a generous girl; she never charged extra for a little thing like that.

"Every week he came here to have his eyelashes reforested," she went on, as if seeing snakes. "Jemima alone knew how to bring that health and wealth and prosperity that seems to make an eyelash so immensely swish, so utterly tra-la-la. She could produce both exceeding longitude and curlishness. In vain he tried to seek the secret as to how. Yes, she loved him—middling madly—but would not tell!"

Although Ferrett's intellect was slightly flattened at the poles, he was now threatened with an idea. He took his departure, therefore, and an umbrella far, far better than his own. In his eagerness, however, he absent-mindedly left his left hand soaking in the finger bowl, and had to return for it after having gone four solid blocks. He had got so used to that particular hand that he hardly knew what to do, if anything, without it. But then, he seldom knew what to do, anyway—especially in a now like this.

Chapter V

Womanslaughter

BUT Spooner Mush knew what to do. He was used to trials in the movies—hard trials, where prisoners

Drawn by John Held, Jr.

The H. C. of L. Hits Darkest Africa. Chief Fizz Fuzz Finds That a Wife Today Costs Just Twice as Much as Father Paid for Mother

were always immediately set free when a belated blonde in black burst through the crowd and confessed that it was She who had fired the fatal arsenic.

And so, as he answered "Not Guilty—but Handsome" he was perfectly calm—eyebrows and all.

By profession, it appeared that he was a girl-eater for the Frenzied Picture Corporation. (Applause. One man fainted. But then, he had just finished working out his income tax.)

No nationality to speak of. Sex, Male. (Sensation.)

"Jemima loved me. For that matter so does every woman, except when expressly forbidden by a competent physician. She lured me apart to her apartment, promising to reveal the secret—the secret of the same stemwinding eyelashes that you still see curling amongst my face. The price was a kiss—a genuine first edition kiss signed by Spooner Mush. It was a strange thing to do, Your Honor, with no one there to see—no camera, even, and no Director to tell me how—but——"

Spooner Mush broke down. . . . After he had been repaired and inflated he proceeded in a semitone.

"I am, as you know, used to kissing only high-frequency Movie Queens, whose lips are toughened by long exposure to the camera. In my desire to know the truth about my eyelashes, I suppose I must have used too high a voltage—and—it was an accident, Your Honor! If Jemima Jazz was kissed to death, as the funeral seemed to prove, I am as innocent of crime as a mere child—nay, as twins!"

Mr. Mush was acquitted, with extenuating circumferences.

Ferrett was triumpherant. But he did not mention the fact that he had, all along, gone upon the hypothenuse that Miss Jazz had died of obtuse nausea, with Mush as an accessory during the fact.

(*The third Yellowish Mystery Story Will Be the Awful Adventures of "The Dancing Dentist." Don't miss it.*)

Drawn by Lang Campbell

Census Taker—How old are you?
Rooster—I don't know. I was hatched from a cold-storage egg.

Looking After the Underdog

Briggs—I see that Thomas Mott Osborne is making an effort to improve our jails.

Griggs—Quite right. Our criminals are becoming such a large and important class that certainly something ought to be done to insure their comfort.

Anyone Would Think So

The Manager—Miss Heavysides complains that you threw her in the dark in her sleep-walking scene in Macbeth.

The Electrician—Y'see, it was like this: I had her covered, all right, till she hollered. 'Out, damned spot!' an' I thought she wanted me to switch it off.

Drawn by P. D. Johnson

Preparing for the Summer Season

"And Other Men Will Paint the Grad—When We Are Feeling Bum and Bad in Some Far Torrid Clime."

Money Mad

By Walt Mason

Illustration by Ralph Barton

THE people all seem money mad, they wildly play the game; to gain another shining scad is each one's highest aim.

Myself, I do not kick at cash, I like my share of mon; I do not say that coin is trash, or dross that we should shun. I make no pious rigmarole with halo on my brow; I like to have a little roll with which to choke a cow.

But there are other wholesome joys than gathering the dough; and I feel sorry for the boys who this much do not know; who pass up every kind of fun, to gain another wheel, another slice of germ-proof mon, to put in vaults of steel. I let not earning interfere with burning gasoline, when comes the springtime of the year, and woods and fields are green. Then in my car I jaunt abroad along the dusty road, and not to double up my wad would I compose an ode. The buyers of such rhythmic junk exclaim, "Produce your lyre, and we will pay a silver plunk for anthem full of fire." And I remark, "The day is fine, the roads are good, I ween; there'll be no honest toil in mine—I'm burning gasoline!"

The towns are full of crazy men who hustle till they die; "Another plunk! Another yen!" is evermore their cry.

And they forget the words of fate some elder prophet said: "When man is boxed up in a crate, he'll be a long time dead."

We'll be a long time dead, my lads, when we are lying low; and men will still be chasing scads and piling up the dough. Your children will be having fun, forgetful how you slaved; and lawyers will be blowing mon some other fellows saved. So trot along with buoyant tread, and join the gladsome crowd; you can't go fishing when you're dead, or joyride in a shroud.

I've always said, and say once more, that men should save and thrive; there's nothing like a stack of ore when rainy days arrive. I've always said, in stentor tones, extravagance is wrong; there's nothing like some pickled bones when sickness comes along. It always makes me feel distressed when money melts like ice; but virtue, when too sorely pressed, may well become a vice. And too much salting money down becomes the miser greed; to go at times and paint the town is still a human need.

So let us duly paint the town and paint it brilliant red; for when we lay our weapons down, we'll be a long time dead. And other men will paint the grad, and have a corking time, when we are feeling bum and bad in some far torrid clime. And other boys will ride abroad like Cleo in her barge; and other sports will blow the wad we struggled to enlarge. And other maniacs will whiz through town, and break the law; and other girls will drink their fizz, with rapture, through a straw. And when we sleep it is the end of plenty and of dearth; no gent can leave his tomb and spend the coin he made on earth.

Drawn by JOHNNY GRUELLE

LIGHTNING STRIKES THE ELITE BARBER-SHOP AT YAPP'S CROSSING.

Drawn by Paul Reilly

House Shortage Snobbery

First Homeless One (To Second Ditto)—Talk about uppishness! Why, they won't even speak to anybody since they moved into that freight-car.

Lowbrowbeating Einstein

By Frederick Moxon

DOUBTLESS, reader, you have during recent months read, or tried to read, various articles purporting to give you a clear and comprehensive understanding of what is termed "The Einstein Theory of Relativity." And we will venture to say that you know less about it now than if you had never read of it at all.

The reason why you have so far failed to grasp the idea is because you have sought information either from strictly scientific journals, or else from the "popular" quasi-scientific magazines.

As usual, it remains for a humorous magazine to present to you an abstruse topic in a plain and readable manner.

What, then, *is* the Einstein Theory? There is no mystery at all about it, *when once clearly understood.*

We shall elucidate by two illustrations.

Our first exhibit is popularly known as "The Irishman's flea"—which, when he put his hand on him, "wasn't there at all."

Now Einstein's Theory of Relativity fully demonstrates the fact that the *flea was there* all the time. Pat's failure to catch him is accounted for by the important circumstance that he did not allow for the *relativity of position* between the time he started to grab the flea and *the moment of desired contact.* His hand should have moved by a finely-calculated gradation just ahead of the flea, and he would have got him sure. What's that? He did not know in which direction the flea was going to jump? Pooh! A trivial objection. A negligible fluctuation of the Law of Averages. Let us proceed.

Now for our second illustration.

Metaphysics has been defined as "going down-cellar in the dark, looking for a black cat that isn't there." An epigrammatic bit of cleverness whereat we have chuckled, as if Metaphysics had been discredited for all time. Not a bit of it. Through the Einstein Theory of Relativity we now know that there *is* a cat, but to find her we must take into consideration the velocity of the Earth relative to its rotation around the Sun, whereby instead of going down cellar in the dark we go up into the attic by daylight, where Kitty will be found—only in place of being black she will be pure white, possibly Persian.*

These two simple illustrations will readily suggest others, and having furnished this clue, we will leave it to our intelligent readers to de-theorize the Theory for themselves. We thank you.

*We think there must be some subtle relationship, or relativity, between this suggestion of a Persian cat and Metaphysics, but we are not able at this writing to determine what degree.

Drawn by Lang Campbell

Looking up his family tree.

Which?

It begins to look as if Wood would row his little boat into Four Year Pond. Woodrow can row and would row on and on, only his boat leaks. Wood knows Woodrow would row interminably if he had his way, but Woodrow doesn't know how good Wood would row. It will be for the peepul to say whether Wood or Woodrow shall row. Whether Wood rows or Woodrow rows, let us hope the winner doesn't rock the boat.

The Confessional

By L. B. Birdsall

I KNOW my lady knows
I've seen her silken hose;
I've gazed with awe on garments which,
Were I to venture or to switch
Upon a theme so shameless,
I could but hold her blameless,
If she should show me to the door
And wish to see me nevermore.
Yet I have seen my lady's clothes
Of sheerest white and baby rose:
For as I went a courting through
A lane, secluded, that led to
The flat wherein my lady dwells,
With all its noise and restless smells—
A line of loveliness flapped the air—
'Twas wash-day for my lady's wear.

Drawn by A. B. Walker

Jones's friends could not account for some of his wonderfully long drives, especially from obscure and very difficult lies.

Origin of Customs

By R. C. Ghent

THE cave man thoughtfully heaved a rock at his woman. Glancing tenderly at him and taking this token of affection in a proper spirit of humility, she set about preparing the evening meal.

He was particularly truculent that evening. The day had been hot, and besides, the agile diplodocus he had picked to win and had wagered on, had limped in last, and he was thereby reduced to his last loin skin. Naturally enough he took some of his spleen out on his woman, commenting sarcastically on her relatives, the obscurity of her ancestry and on anything that came to his primitive mind.

She stood it all in silence and with patience until he made some particularly cutting remark about her favorite sister, Luella. Suddenly enraged at this, she lifted a skillet from the fire and advanced upon him, making no secret of her intention to douse him with the boiling contents.

Surprised and alarmed he seized a saber-tooth tiger's skin near by (which happily had been emptied of the tiger) and covered himself, so escaping the hot soup bath.

Thus we have the first revolt of woman and the first napkin.

Modern Labor

"You are getting along rather slowly with that new house of yours, aren't you?"

"The workmen have had hard luck from the start. The plumber lost his $5,000 ring down the drain pipe, the plasterer has ruined at least a dozen silk shirts, and the paper-hanger wrecked his limousine while leaving the job yesterday."

Americanization

By Frances Morrison

THE Prominent Citizen was signing checks.

"This," said his faithful secretary, "is one for $2,000 for a month's tuition of your children in French, Italian and Spanish."

The Prominent Citizen signed.

"This," said his faithful secretary, "is a check for $12,500 for your Wife's Paris gowns."

The Prominent Citizen signed.

"This," said his faithful secretary, "is one for $5,000 to Miss Chadwyck-Snob for teaching your eldest daughter to speak and act like an English peeress."

The Prominent Citizen signed.

"This," said his faithful secretary, "is a check for $100 for Americanization Committee."

"Ah, yes," observed The Prominent Citizen benignantly. "We must lose no time in this country in Americanizing the children of the foreign element. We must emphasize the greatness of America. I am *glad* to contribute to this Committee."

"Yes, sir," said his faithful secretary.

The New Note

"You say he's a fresh air fiend?"

"Yes; he never wants to hear the same record played twice."

Still Untied

"Well, old man, was your breach of promise suit a success?"

"You bet. It went without a hitch."

Drawn by A. Machefert

Jones—Well, did you find the plumber?
Servant—Yas, sir. But he won't come. He says he's dressed for dinner.

"There Were Other Breath-Catching Garments"

And Cupid Smiled

By J. A. Waldron

Illustration by Lawrence Fellows

"SEE HIM? I almost forgot myself to the point of crying 'Hello!' but he was going too fast to have heard me."

"Doctor Delavan? Yes. I saw him. He'll run up against a traffic officer and be reminded of the speed limit. But he'll say he is hurrying to the bedside of a patient and get off. Even young doctors are privileged as motorists."

This was the comment of two of his friends as the young doctor sped along.

"A patient! I'll wager he hasn't half a dozen yet. And he drives as though he had half the town on his books."

"That's all in the game. If a young doctor can get a car by any means, and dresses well, he can make a show that sooner or later will mean business."

"Delavan is on his way, then! He's a fashion plate—no matter how much he may owe his tailor—and he has another requisite—*savoir faire*. I like him."

"So do I. But I can't figure out how he manages to put on such a front. Of course he'll get there."

"He talked confidentially with me the other day. It's all right to mention it as long as I give no names. Within a week he was called in to treat two more or less aged spinsters. The physician of one of them was out of town, and the other's was ill. Delavan thought the old ladies might keep him on the job permanently."

"I'll bet both of them had seen him first. That's what youth and a good appearance do. Both may remember him in their wills—if they have money."

"Oh, both have money. But he said their complaints were imaginary."

"As so many complaints are—especially of women, and particularly of spinsters. That sort of thing is what makes easy going for established physicians as well as beginners. Bills are rendered just the same. But why don't Delavan marry some nice girl with money?"

"Nice girls with money are not so numerous. Don't you know? But Delavan is ready to do that, I guess, if he finds opportunity. He's sentimental and all that—

fond of the sex—but like most young doctors he is canny as to matrimony."

Young Dr. Delavan kept on at speed as his friends talked. This time he was really going to see a patient—one of the elderly spinsters who at last, after imaginary afflictions, had developed a real disease. She died on his hands, much to his regret, but when her will was probated it was found that a codicil gave him a little legacy. It was enough to pay his debts and leave a margin which he needed.

Drawn by R. B. Fuller

Let's Make Fatty Treasurer. He's Easy to Catch if He Tries to Beat It

The day after he received the money Dr. Delavan went shopping. He parked his car on a side street where several other cars of shoppers stood. While he was making purchases he saw a charming young woman who was also shopping. It was not his first sight of her. He remembered that on several occasions he had seen her on the road driving her own machine. Twice he had passed her in his fictitious haste. On one of these occasions, he remembered, the road was very dusty, and she won her way ahead of him again, out of his dust. And he couldn't catch her.

In the shop the doctor lingered about this divinity, although she did not notice him. He finally passed out and put his bundle in his car, but he could not resist the temptation to return to the shop, hoping to catch another glimpse of the young woman. He walked about but could not find her. Returning to his car, he drove away in a maze. No other young woman had ever set his heart in such a flutter.

In his bachelor quarters Dr. Delavan proceeded to inspect his purchases. When he opened the bundle the first thing that came out, carefully wrapped by itself, was a beribboned chemise of an almost diaphanous fabric. He held it up gingerly and sighed. And there were other breath-catching garments, among them stockings that seemed liquid in fineness. The doctor lingered over the rewrapping of the parcels. What had happened?

After he had thought the situation over he rushed back to the garage. An examination led to the discovery that the car he had come home in was not his. In fact it was a much better machine.

He hurried back to his rooms and called up the nearest Police Station.

"Do you know anything about a mixup of cars?" he asked.

"Yes," said the sergeant in charge, "we've just had a complaint from a young woman. One of the swells on Murray Hill. She says some one has taken her car from the street near the Sellwell Stores and left a poorer car in its place. I guess you're the guilty man, Doc!"

"A good guess. I'm sure of it! Where is the young woman?"

"She's right here at the station house—outside in the car—and she's put out about it, I'll say! She drove home before discovering the—the mistake, we'll call it." The doctor heard the sergeant guffaw. "And she says there are some man's new things in a bundle in the car. Yours?"

"I'll wager they are! I wonder if she opened my bundle?"

"She didn't X-ray it, that's a cinch. Says she at first thought they were things of her own she had just bought."

"Will you ask the young lady to wait a few minutes, sergeant?"

"Sure thing, if you're coming over."

"I'll be there with her car in ten minutes."

The doctor and the young woman both blushed as they exchanged cars—and bundles. And that was how a courtship began.

A Prospective Swap

By Tom P. Morgan

"MR. PESTER, my name is Hoggenhooker," announced the suave fisher of men. "Pleasant day, isn't it? I am representing the Golconda Oil Development Company, Mr. Pester, and am calling on a few of the substantial men of affairs, offering them the opportunity of examining our proposition, and——"

"Delightful day, indeed, Mr. Hoggenhooker!" genially replied old Festus Pester. "Have you any shares of that stock with you at present, and what is its general color scheme?"

"Color scheme, sir? I hardly understand——"

"Why, I already have some shares of the Golden Glory Oil Corporation. They are, of course, worth nothing. But they are quite ornate and gaudy, in a green, purple and bronze way, and I am rather tired of looking at them, and should be glad to swap them for something more quiet and restful—mauve, baby-blue, or rose-pink, in a general way, say."

Drawn by Nate Collier

The Complete Angler

Evident

"They say there is a great shortage of cloth fabrics of all kinds."

"Yes, the prevailing styles prove that."

Drawn by Crawford Young

"Say, Jimmy—would you tell a lie fer a quarter?"
"No. Still, I might tell four fer a dollar."

Tempora Mutantur

By Corinne Rockwell Swain

DURING Grandpa's visit to the city, it was natural that he should feel a little bewildered.

When Ethel was elected captain of the hockey team.

When Mildred became a first-class Girl Scout.

When Bess and her college friends discussed trial marriage, birth control, and the social problems encountered in their settlement work.

When Mrs. Van Dasshe offered him a cigarette.

When Mother tried on her outfit for the camping trip in the Canadian Rockies, and Father didn't seem to notice anything queer about it.

When he saw Bob's college play, with Bob as one of the show girls.

When little Freddie expounded the construction and proper handling of fifty-seven varieties of automobile.

When he remembered that Grandma used to be considered a little "advanced" because she read "Aurora Leigh."

Chopping Him Off

"The wells of the oil company whose stock I am offering to a select list of the solid citizens of this community are actually producing, and—" began the suave fisher of men.

"Very commendable of them, I am sure," interrupted J. Fuller Gloom. "But if they are producing it is more than I shall do. Good day!"

The Peke and the Mutt

By Max Lief

SAID the proud Pekingese in the swell limousine
To the poor little Mutt in the street,
"You're the sorriest creature I ever have seen,
I imagine your life's far from sweet.
As for me, I know nothing of troubles and woes,
For I revel in comfort and ease.
I've a maid and a bath and the latest-style clothes,
And a doctor whenever I sneeze.
I am petted and coddled and called pretty names,
I've the choicest food money can buy,
And I loll in the laps of luxurious dames—
I say, don't you wish you were I?"

Said the poor little Mutt with a sorrowful gaze,
"Though through alleys and gutters I roam,
Though the pickings in garbage are slim nowadays
And I ain't got a regular home;
Though I'm hounded each day by the S. P. C. A.,
And I'm threatened with curses and stones,
Though it's rarely good fortune that stumbles my way
With a couple of fat, juicy bones,
You can let all your comforts and pleasures go hang,
A limousine life may sound fine,
But I'd rather chase cats and run 'round with the gang—
The life of the open for mine!"

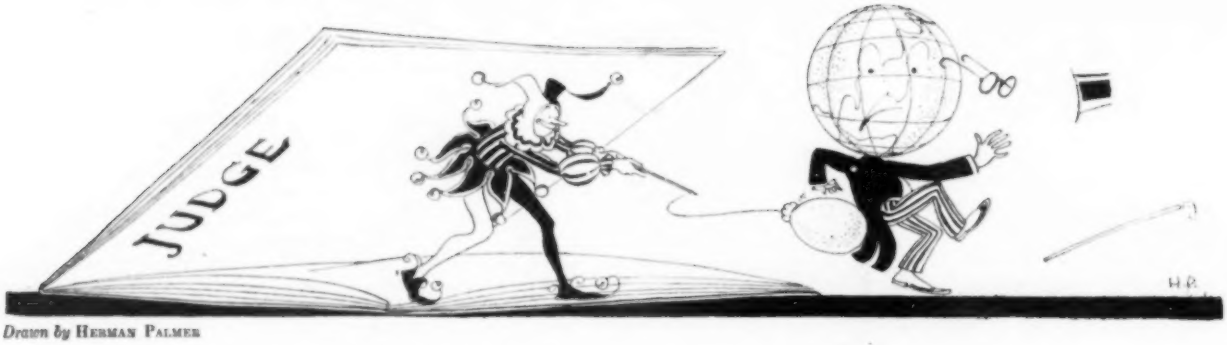
Following His Nose

"Notice that chap with his nose up, sniffing the breeze? Fresh-air crank, I suppose."

"No—his machine died around the corner, and he's trying to locate the nearest garage."

Drawn by C. F. Peters + A.C.

"Look here, Mother, don't you think Mrs. Jones has a nerve to invite me to a children's party?"



Drawn by HERMAN PALMER

Judgements

JOHN A. SLEICHER, *President* REUBEN P. SLEICHER, *Secretary* A. E. ROLLAUER, *Treasurer* GRANT E. HAMILTON, *Art Editor*
PERRITON MAXWELL, *Editor* J. A. WALDRON, *Associate Editor*

DON'T MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE AGAIN!

PREPARATIONS for a strenuous, cunning, nation-wide campaign against tobacco are in full swing. Secret millions of money have been placed at the disposal of the little group of long-haired male cranks and short-haired female "reformers" who have determined to first tarnish the fair reputation of "My Lady Nicotine" and then banish her forever from these United States. This campaign by advertising, sermonizing, political intrigue, the force of fear, the flattery of non-smokers—the thousand and one tricks and insidious methods of the professional propagandist—if not opposed by those who are friendly to the comforting pipe, the cheering cigar or the consoling cigarette, will bring about the inhibition of tobacco as surely as night follows day. If the frequent warnings sounded by JUDGE remain unheeded by the adherents of the fragrant weed, these admonitions to an indifferent public to wake up and combat, through political and social channels, this strengthening menace to American freedom, will have been as vain as is the present futile protest against the Eighteenth Amendment.

Says the New York *World*, in commenting on the anti-tobacco "pussyfooting" campaign: "No one can doubt that if the issue had rested in a mere question of numbers for and against, Prohibition would have been defeated summarily. The same thing is even more clearly true in the case of anti-tobacco. But no majority is safe which also is slothful. Sanity cannot afford to sleep while fanaticism works. The man who wants to save his after-dinner cigar cannot do it by smoke alone."

How long will the American people submit to the devious, ingenious and highly efficient machinations of the small but powerful band of zealots who labor to deprive us of our "smokes" while we smile and doze and gently murmur: "It can't be done!" The awakening will be a greater shock to the majority of people than anything in our history since the morning we casually took up our newspapers to find it was illegal to buy a drink. As Richard Le Gallienne sang in a recent issue of JUDGE:

> Don't say—"The bill will never pass!"
> Nor this my warning word disdain.
> You said it once, you silly ass!
> Don't make the same mistake again.

* * *

BECAUSE of prevailing food prices, the residents of Sea Isle City, N. J., have decreed that "a pig is a family necessity." Indeed, there is evidence everywhere of increased regard for the porker, likewise for the example he sets in the matter of collecting this world's goods. We live in an age which scorns the lowly Ant, so long respected as the guide to honorable success by thrift. "Go to the pig, thou sluggard," is our revised quotation, "consider its ways and get busy."

* * *

THOSE picturesque but minor performers of the Spanish bull-ring whose job is to goad the bull until the toreador is pleased to deliver the finishing touch, have gone on indefinite strike. The American consumer looks with envious eye at the Spanish bull. The latter has all the luck.

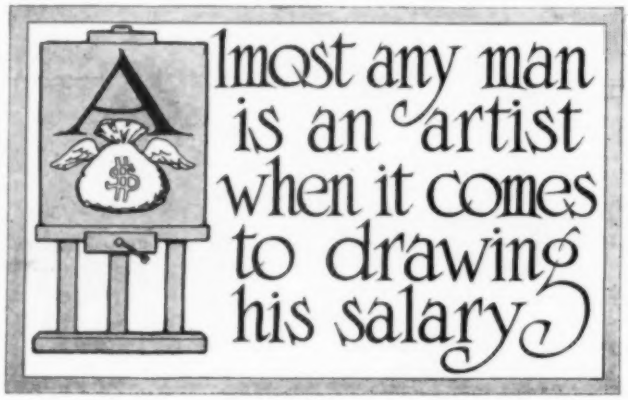
* * *

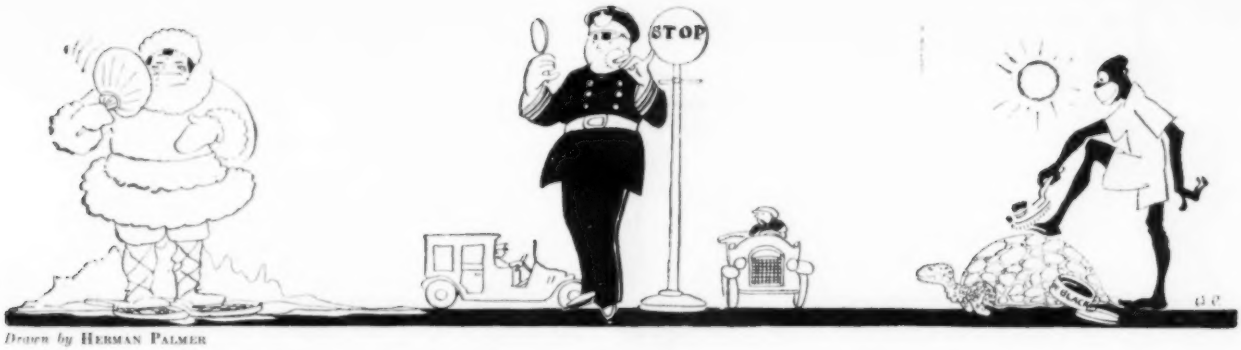
Travis may run as a semi-wet.—Newspaper Headline.

If distinctions of this sort are to be made, we shall soon have in politics drys, damps, moists, semi-wets, wets and wringing wets.

* * *

Reading is shorthand for living.





Drawn by HERMAN PALMER

Digest of the World's Humor

JOURNALISM

New Favorites—"What has become of the horse editor and the snake editor who used to be so busy?"

"Been supplanted by the ouija editor and the jazz editor, I surmise."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Newspaper Morality—Journalism is a great profession. On one page of Mr. Hearst's newspaper that virtuous gentleman takes credit for the trial and conviction of the publisher of "Madeline" for the printing of a book which Mr. Hearst says is obscene. But just as we are thanking God that Mr. Hearst is here to guard the morals of the American youth, we turn the page and find that the chameleon-like William Randolph has metamorphosed himself into a spicy gentleman who prints a lurid but racy account of the sexual irregularities of a little English girl who has fallen afoul of our Bureau of Immigration. Doesn't it beat the Dutch how a people who pride themselves on minding their own business can take a day off to discuss other people's failings.—*The Knot-Hole.*

Want Ads in the Long Ago—In the reign of William III one John Houghton, who combined the business of apothecary with that of a dealer in "tea, coffee and chocolate," commenced an advertising paper which he called "A Collection for the Improvement of Husbandry and Trade." In those old days the editor of the paper and the advertiser frequently spoke in the first person singular, while the advertiser also often spoke through the editor. The issues of this curious publication contained many advertisements regarding the musical profession of which a few specimens taken at random will serve to give a tolerably good idea of the style then prevalent:

"I want a Negro man that is a good house carpenter and a good singer."

"If any young man that plays well on the violin and writes a good hand desires a clerkship, I can help him to £20 a year."

"I want a complete young man that will wear livery, to wait on a very valuable gentleman, but he must know how to play on a violin or flute."

"I want a genteel footman that can play on the violin to wait on a person of honor."

"If I can meet with a sober man that has a counter-tenor voice, I can help him to a place worth £30 the year or more."—*London Musical Times.*

Huh?

"Is it true that that clock will go for fourteen days without winding?"

"Yes."

"Then, how long will it go if it is wound?"

—*Karikaturen (Christiania).*

MUSIC

Slight Improvement—"It was feared the jazz orchestra engaged for our entertainment would not be able to function."

"That would have been a calamity indeed."

"Yes. The cowbells were somehow lost in transit, but we substituted a pair of coal scuttles and the effect was even better."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Naturally—"Music," remarked the long-haired man, "is the language of the heart."

"In that case," returned the man who takes things literally, "the person who likes jazz must have a terrible pulse."—*Boston Transcript.*

Strong for Conservation—*Redd*—In a high-grade violin there are said to be 65 pieces of wood of three or more kinds.

Greene—That settles it! I'm for conservation of the forests. It will reduce the number of fiddlers in the world!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Advice—"Yes," said the vaudeville performer, "I sing my own songs."

"Would you accept a word of advice?"

"Of course."

"Let some one else sing 'em."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A Novelty—"Something new?"

"Eh?"

"A musical novelty."

"What is it?"

"A jazz opera written entirely for saxophones."—*Kansas City Journal.*

MONEY

Born, Not Made—From day to day proof is forthcoming that genius is spontaneous and not a slow growth—that it is of the type of Minerva who sprang full-armed from the head of Zeus. This is evidently as true of the genius of the mart as it is popularly supposed to be of the more esthetic forms of genius.

An instance in substantiation of this opinion was recently related by a veteran business man as a side light on the why of the success of a well-known industrial leader.

"I remember him," it was related, "when he was a lad of six years. He wanted to trade a lantern for one owned by a playmate, which he admired. Coming to his father, he asked counsel about the matter and was informed that he should use his own judgment.

"'Well, dad,' said the boy, 'I believe I'll trade; but wouldn't you take the oil out first?'"—*Wall Street Journal.*

Knew from Experience—"Yes, sir, it is pretty hard to collect money just now; I know it."

"Have you tried and failed?"

"Oh, no."

"How then do you know that money is hard to collect?"

"Because several people have tried to collect some from me."—*Boston Transcript.*

Nailing the Plutocrat

"Down with Him! He Has Clean Fingernails!"—*Die Muskete (Vienna).*

Sarcasm—"You ought to have a hero medal," said the customer.

"Why?" asked the clerk in the department store.

"Because it certainly takes courage to ask the price you do for the stuff you have here."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Fugitive in His Case—"Isn't money close these days?"

"No, it is just as far off as ever."—*Boston Transcript.*

Gold Talks—*He*—Why so sad, dearest? Hasn't my avowal the true ring?

She—Yes, but my finger hasn't, as yet.—*Baltimore American.*

Luring in the Outstanding Ones

"Keep on flying, if you want to stay hungry!"—*Esquella (Barcelona).*

MATRIMONY

A Fellow Feeling—*Flatbush*—I see Boston has a French war brides' club.

Bensonhurst—Aren't these brides a bit early in beginning to use clubs?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The Whole Bunch—"Half the women in the world retail gossip," growled Mr. Gabb.

"Only half of them?" sneered Mrs. Gabb.

"Yes," replied Mr. Gabb. "The other half wholesale it."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Caught—"Do you know anything about flirting?"

"No, I only tried it once and the girl married me."—*Town Topics.*

Denying Responsibility—*The Justice of the Peace*—Do you take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?

The Bridegroom—I do.

The Justice—Then I pronounce you man and wife. And, remember, you asked me to do this. Don't ever blame me.—*Boston Globe.*

A Struggle—*Dobbins*—I hear that your daughter's married a struggling young man.

Jobbins—Well, yes, he did struggle, but he couldn't get away.—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

Nothing Gained—*Ethel*—Do you think we ought to marry yet awhile on so little money?

Ernest—The governor has promised to increase my allowance when I marry.

Ethel—Yes, but mamma will cut mine off when I do.—*Boston Transcript.*

Ouch!—Mr. Gabb had been out at an all-night poker game and was trying to square himself when he got home at noon the next day. He had a package under his arm.

"Wouldn't you like to know what is in this package?" asked Mr. Gabb.

"I'm not a bit interested," replied Mrs. Gabb.

"Well, I bought something for the one I love best in the world," announced Mr. Gabb, with a grin.

"What did you buy yourself, collars or neckties?" snapped Mrs. Gabb.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

COURTING

Broke the Engagement—"Why did you break off with that girl?"

"Well, by the way she and her mother ran the old man, I saw they'd make short work of me."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Why She Declined—*Rejected Admirer* (bitterly)—Oh, well, I was all broke up over a girl once before.

Revue Lady—Ah, I see. And some of the pieces were lost.—*Blighty.*

Ahead of Schedule—*Bill*—So you proposed to the rich man's daughter last night?

Gill—That's what I did.

"Same story, I suppose."

"What's that?"

"The father kicked you out doors."

"No."

"He didn't?"

"No, he didn't. He didn't wait until I got out doors!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Accommodating—*Her Father*—The fact is that I cannot give my daughter a dowry just at present.

Suitor—That's all right. I can love her for herself in the meantime.—*Boston Transcript.*

An Important Question

"I wish to marry your daughter," said the young man to the girl's father.

"Does she love you?" asked the father.

"Yes, sir. And I love her."

"Well, that, of course, is the first necessary condition, but there are a few more questions I must ask. Have you made any shopping tours with her lately?"

"No, sir."

"Ever been in a department store and asked the present price of women's suits and hats?"

"No, sir."

"Know anything at all about the cost of provisions?"

"Only that which I have learned from the talk of others."

"Well, young man, my advice to you is to make a trip of investigation. I don't know what your present income is, but after you've learned for yourself just what those clothes she wears are costing me, if you come back and say that you can support her in the style to which she has been accustomed lately, I'll give my consent."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Only One Obstacle

"Is there anything between Betty and Jack?"

"Only Betty's husband, and he hasn't been demobilized yet."—*Sydney (Australia) Bulletin.*

Just Like a Relative—"Do you think he loves you?"

"I think so. He is beginning to talk like a member of the family."

"In what way—telling them all he loves them?"

"No. He said to me last night that we have got to begin to teach my little brother not to be so fresh. And then a little later he said my father certainly does smoke rotten cigars."—*Houston Chronicle.*

POLITICS

Brought Bad Luck—*Mrs. Flatbush*—You know I told my husband I believed that cheap hat he bought me would bring bad luck.

Mrs. Bensonhurst—And has it?

"Sure! I wore it down to the polls and the man I voted for was defeated!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Logic—"Are you in favor of equal suffrage?" asked Smith.

"Naw," replied Jones. "If you've got to treat a woman as if she was a man, what's the use of her being a woman?"—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Personal Pets—"Every man is entitled to his opinion."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "the same as a man is entitled to a composite breed of dog. It may be nothing to be proud of, but it's his if he wants to hold on to it."—*Washington Star.*

Campaigning—"In many countries ladies campaign and sometimes offer a kiss for a vote. It isn't bribery, merely a way of campaigning."

"Well, if you put it that way, I'd rather have a kiss than a bum argument."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

His Sovereign Need

Beggar—Could you give me a few coppers, sir, for a bed?

American tourist—A few coppers? Why man, I'll give you a couple of sovereigns. Where the deuce is it? I've been looking for a bed all over this bally town for two days!—*London Opinion.*

Boob-Proof

He—Won't your husband be jealous if he sees us so cosily together?

She—Not at all—when he sees who I am sitting with.—*Tyrihans (Christiania).*

How True!—The mathematics teacher was trying to impress her class with the necessity of putting more time on mathematics. "You must all know arithmetic if you want to be successful," she told them. "All our public men should be good mathematicians. Can any one tell me why?"

Up went little Max's hand. "So that they can keep their accounts straight," he answered.—*Indianapolis News.*

Answered—*Teacher*—What are the properties of heat and cold?

Small Pupil—The property of heat is to expand and cold to contract.

Teacher—Now give me an example.

Small Pupil—In summer, when it is hot, the days are long; in winter, when it is cold, the days are short.—*Chicago News.*

Reasoning—Mother was telling Cyril of some occurrence in the neighborhood in which a man had been cruel to his dog. "He ought to be arrested and fined," Cyril said hotly when the story was finished. "Mother, don't you think we ought to have him arrested?"

Mother shook her head. "We'll just wait and let God punish him," she proposed.

Cyril thought a little while. Then he came back to his parent. "Mother, why not wait after this when I'm naughty and let God punish me, too?" he asked.—*Indianapolis News.*

Home-Made Definition—Hearing little Raymond use the word "interrupt" his mother asked him what the word meant.

"Oh, that's when a little boy is talking and his mother begins," replied the youngster.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Safe Reminder—There is a Philadelphia mother who is forgetful and knows it, but who is clever enough to discount this failing, as a rule. Not long ago her small son was rather indisposed, and the doctor ordered a medicine to be given at three-hour intervals.

"Did you give Tom his medicine regularly?" the husband and father asked unhopefully upon his return home in the evening.

"Didn't miss a time," the mother responded with satisfaction.

"How in the world did you ever think of it?" the man asked.

"I didn't; but it was easy. I just told Tom this morning at what hour he was to take the medicine, and half an hour before each time he began wailing that he didn't want to take it."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Expert Analysis

"He's no parvenu. If he were, he'd have thrown away his cigar long ago, just to bluff us."—*Le Pêle-Mêle (Paris).*

A Pair of Ultimatums—Gertrude is four years of age. She faces the world fearlessly, looks it squarely in the eye, and if it doesn't track exactly to suit her she tells it things. Her mamma had gone away the other day and left Gertrude in the care of her grandma, and, after a clash of wills, Gertrude had been put into a room to remain for a specified length of time.

"If you stir out of that room before I tell you you may," cautioned her grandma severely, "I am going to spank you."

Gertrude stood with arms akimbo for a moment, and then retorted in a tone of finality:

"Well! When you spank me you will find that business is certainly beginning to pick up in this neighborhood."—*Houston Chronicle.*

Never!—Furthermore, college education never in this world made a young man anxious to milk a cow in a muddy lot.—*Dallas News.*

A Father's Fears—"You must be proud of your son. He's made a great reputation on the gridiron."

"So he has," replied Mr. Glipping, "but I hope it won't prevent him from making a success in life."

"Why should it?"

"Well, you know football is only played about three months in the year, and I'm afraid Jack will get the idea that a successful business can be conducted in the same way, by three months of intensive effort and nine months of loafing."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

His "College"—During debate in the New York State Assembly one day, when Governor Smith was a member of that body, another member arose to a question of personal privilege and announced that Cornell had won the boat race at Poughkeepsie, adding that he was a graduate of Cornell. This started a reminiscence meeting, other members arising to tell the name of their alma mater. Smith finally rose and announced:

"I am a graduate of the F. F. M."

"What college is that?"

"Fulton Fish Market."—*World's Work.*

A War Saw from Warsaw, 1920

"Why is Copernicus depicted in that attitude?"

"He is thanking God that his native place, Torun, is free from the German yoke."—*Mucha (Warsaw).*

Afterthought—"Did you hear about the defacement of Mr. Skinner's tombstone?" asked Mr. Jones a few days after the funeral of that eminent captain of industry.

"No, what was it?" inquired his neighbor, curiously.

"Some one added the word 'friends' to the epitaph."

"What was the epitaph?"

"'He did his best.'"—*London Tit-Bits.*

Black Hens' Eggs—Ernest Hardcastle dropped into the Hennessy grocery department yesterday and asked for "a dozen black hens' eggs." The puzzled clerk stared at him. "I can't tell a black hen's egg from a white one," he said.

"I can," said Hardcastle.

"All right," responded the clerk, "go to it."

Hardcastle began to pick through the case.

"Here," exclaimed the clerk a moment later, "you can't do that, you know. You are picking all the big eggs."

"Sure I am," said Ernest. "That's the way you tell a black hen's egg."—*Anaconda Standard.*

A Disturber—It was a scrubby little room, in a scrubby little part of a scrubby little city's suburbs, and the London traveler didn't approve at all.

When he went to wash he found that there was no water for the basin, no soap to wash with, and no towel to dry himself with.

So he rang.

Five minutes' interim bringing no answer, he rang again and then again and again, until his arm ached. At the end of 20 minutes a waiter of forbidding aspect opened the door.

"Did you ring?" he inquired in a bass, rumbling voice.

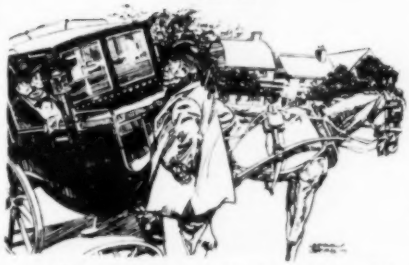
"Of course I did!" snapped the London visitor.

"Well," said the waiter, as he withdrew, "don't do it again! You'll wake the missis!"—*Boston Globe.*

Kidding—"Doubtless," said the professor to the returned traveler, "you have picked up many strange bits of information regarding the animals and birds of the countries you have visited?"

"A few," answered the traveler.

Cabalistic



Cabby—'Ere's a go! 'Ere's the bloomin' front wheel off!

Business Man (intent on getting to town)—Well, why don't you knock the other wheel off and turn the thing into a hansom?—*London World.*

"The most interesting thing I ever heard, however, was a story I got in Africa. It seems that a year or so ago a representative of a rubber-stamp house went through there and lost his sample case, containing all kinds of office stamping apparatus. It appears that some ostriches found the case, broke it open, and swallowed the samples."

"I see nothing odd about that. Ostriches will eat anything."

"Yes, but now every ostrich egg that is found there is numbered and dated!"—*London Tit-Bits.*

Swallows Under the Eves

Traveler (to inn-keeper)—You say there are no fleas in your hotel?

"I should say not! the bugs have eaten them all up."—*Le Pêle-Mêle (Paris).*

A Melancholy Encounter

I weary of the optimist who always tries a joyous twist and slaps Dull Care upon the wrist
In such an offhand way—
Who tells us life was only made for smiles all thoughtlessly arrayed in an eternal jazz parade
Throughout each night and day.

I met a person of the kind. He had a very gloomy mind and in his hair were intertwined
His fingers thin and long.
His frowning was a grewsome sight. His manners weren't half polite as he proceeded to indite
His optimistic song.

Quoth I, "Oh, why dost thou aspire to twang an optimistic lyre when such endeavor seems to tire
Thine inmost being so?"
He answered, "Time I may not waste. So I proceed with frugal haste to sing what hits the present taste
And brings along the 'dough.'"

—*Washington Star.*

The Traveling Man

Consider now the traveling man,
With his smile; with his hustle; his grips;
Could you be good-natured as he always is,
If you had to make so many trips—

And see the same faces,
And hear the same jokes,
And catch midnight trains,
And give away smokes?

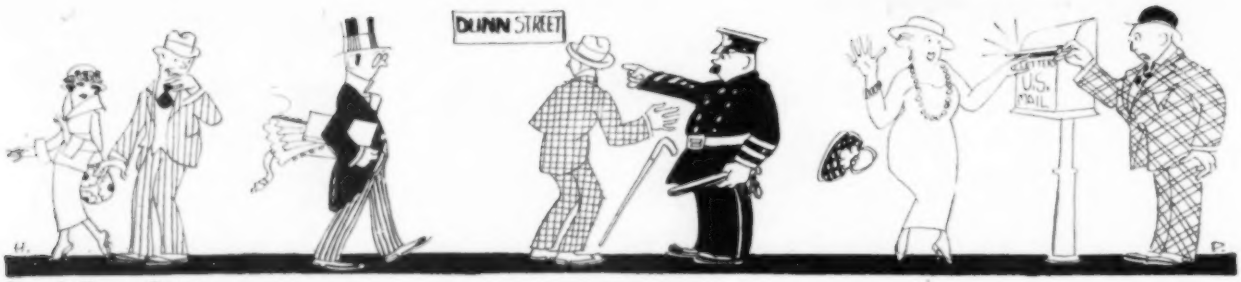
And write up your orders,
And hear hard-luck tales,
And ride on mixed trains,
With a pace like a snail's?

And stop at hotels
That are dismal and dank,
And eat food that's awful,
Drink coffee that's rank?

And get home on Sunday,
All tired and worn,
And rest up so you
Could go out Monday morn?

If you stop to consider the traveling man,
If he looks sorta tired and tough,
Remember the road he is traveling, son,
Is mostly up-grade, and dern tough.

—*Barber County (Kan.) Index.*



Drawn by HERMAN PALMER

B A D B R E A K S

JUDGE pays $1 each for accepted BAD BREAKS *clipped from newspapers, magazines or books. Original clippings, with source indicated, must be furnished to show the bona fide nature of the* BAD BREAK. *No rejected* BAD BREAKS *will be returned unless postage is inclosed. No material already published as* BAD BREAKS *will be considered, and no* BAD BREAKS *in advertisements are desired. The editor cannot enter into correspondence with contributors to this department. Many duplications are received, and the postmark determines priority of consideration. A prize of $5 will be paid for the best* BAD BREAK *accepted.*

The Naval Cootie—"Most of them have pledged part of the difference between the middy LOUSE and georgette waists to aid the war orphans and dependent adults in Serbia."—*New York Evening World.*

A Decorous Spender—"One of our popular young men went to Springfield DECENTLY to spend Sunday evening and on his arrival there found that he could not get a train back until three o'clock Monday morning."—*Alton (Ill.) Daily Times.*

Another Fluke—"Prince of WHALES to Hold Reception in San Diego."—*Heading in New Orleans Item.*

Love Laughs at Locks Myths—"There was a subdued sparkle about Mac as he faced Veva—in his eyes—and the curve of A MISCHIEVOUS SMILE, EVEN IN HIS AUBURN HAIR."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

No Jinx for Her—"Mrs. Knapp, who is seventy years of age, was struck by a West Shore train, about two months ago, and suffered three broken ribs. She is REMARKABLY FORTUNATE for a lady of her age."—*Hackensack Evening Record.*

Time Cannot Wither Her—"Miss Fite graduated from Vassar in EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN and is a young lady of unusual personal charm and brilliancy."—*Tampa (Fla.) Daily Times.*

Heavy Clothing—"A boy about fifteen years old, clad in overalls AND A BIG BAY SADDLE HORSE, with a white off-hind leg, are missing."—*Boston Daily Post.*

The Burden of Art—"Marie Walcamp CARRIED her leading man, Harland Tucker, while taking pictures in Japan."—*Boston Traveler.*

All Right, We'll Wait for It—"No Reduction of Income Tax Till After 9122."—*Portland (Ore.) Telegram.*

A Difficult Situation—"If the young farmer keeps on coming to town," Supervisor Gilson concluded, "you city fellows will be SITTING AROUND ON EMPTY STOMACHS."—*Adrian (Mich.) Daily Telegram.*

Home, Feet, Home—"With a crash that shook the neighborhood approximately 500 feet of the West Garfield Street wooden bridge over the shores of Puget Sound around Magnolia bluff, collapsed today, narrowly missing carrying down one HOME and two pedestrians WHO HAD JUST CROSSED OVER the structure."—*Aberdeen (Wash.) Daily World.*

Addition and Distraction—"One of the recent arrivals from England is Fred Jacks, one time featherweight champion. Jacks defeated Tancy Lee, who once defeated Jimmy Wilde. Jacks is said to be a second ADDITION of Jem Driscoll. He weighs FOURTEEN POUNDS and is ready to tackle any one weighing under 130 pounds."—*Youngstown (Ohio) Telegram.*

Ring Up Tiffany—"The turtle's travels would be limited to our little group of planets, this earth, fiery Mars with the canals, VENUS WITH HER WONDERFUL RINGS, gigantic Jupiter with his many, many moons, distant Neptune and the rest."—(*Editorial Section*) *San Francisco Examiner.*

Same Kind as Yours—"As a mark of respect for the former head of the great wire system, service on all HELL telephones in the country was suspended for a period of one minute at 11 o'clock, eastern standard time."—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

The Felicity of Authorship—"KING Elizabeth was even more felicitous. She called him a little dear."—*Munsey's Magazine.*

No Chance to Expose a Bald Man—"Only please wish the right husband. I couldn't BARE him if he was bald or had a face that sat propped on a double chin—"—*Wolfeboro (N. H.) Granite State News.*

Thinking It Was the Dragon?—"J. R. McCullough, a compositor in the Government Printing Office, a letter from whom was recovered from Thomas W. Simpkinson Shelley, WHO SHOT ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH IN NEW YORK CITY today, said to the New York *Times* correspondent tonight that he had only known Shelley for several months during the latter part of 1919."—*New York Times.*

Hey! Wait a Minute!—"The girl's parents THREE IN NUMBER, objected to her marriage to the young horseman whom she met several months ago when he was exhibiting some blooded stock here."—*New York American.*

A Maestro Furioso—"Tuesday night a male quartette delighted a large audience, one of its members being an excellent pianist WITH HANDS, FEET AND HEAD."—*Kinston (N. C.) News.*

The Reds Still At It—Fire Chief Anderson and two firemen were injured today when Anderson's auto collided with a hook and ladder truck, who were seeking the overthrow of the government by force and violence."—*Ely (Nevada) Daily Times.*

Favoritism Somewhere—"The Metropolitan Opera house was sold at public auction yesterday for SIXTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS. The purchaser was Fred G. Nixon, theatrical manager. E. T Stotesbury, the only other bidder, offered SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS. The property will be remodeled and opened in the fall as a legitimate theater."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Painful Separation—"Hurled to the pilot of the engine when his automobile was splintered by a fast freight train near Louisville, Rev. Father W. J. Howlett, 74 years old, was carried four miles before his presence was DIVORCED by the engineer."—*Scranton (Pa.) Times.*

Trub-bull—"Mrs. Severence, who has been in the place for a few weeks will remain with us, and give one of her talks on the Holy Land, and some of the other countries which she visited last year. It is very interesting to hear her relate her TROUBLES through the foreign countries. We highly appreciate them."—*Wolfeboro (N. H.) Granite State News.*

The Rough-Riding Writer—"I can imagine nothing finer than the way Roosevelt died. His WIFE was a human embodiment of the rakish motto, 'A short life and a merry one' and he was allowed to finish as he began, a quick death and an easy one."—*Wolfeboro (N. H.) Granite State News.*

Over-manned—"But in 1913 the manufacturers of motor cars had really begun to reach out toward their fundamental ideal and they produced FORTY THOUSAND CARS, employing in the task ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND WORKMEN or at the rate THREE CARS PER MAN."—*El Paso Herald.*

A Restaurantourist—"Ely's restaurant at No. 122 Main street, is expected to return from Buffalo."—*Batavia (N. Y.) Daily News.*

The Curse of Gold—"J. H. Millar, railroad man, today advertised for his lost wife. Ten dollars is offered for her return.

"She has red hair, A GOLD TOOTH WEIGHING NINETY POUNDS, wears a green dress and answers to the name of Gertrude. She was missing when Millar came in from his run."—*St. Louis Star.*

Spectacular Breathing—"There the horse got loose from the buggy and fell off the roof into a ditch, landing on its head and breaking its neck. The owner arrived in time to see the animal DRAW ITS LAST BREATH AFTER ITS SPECTACULAR DEATH."—*Los Angeles (Cal.) Examiner.*

Serviettiquet—"Suddenly Ruth put her napkin to her FEET and left the room."—*Red Book Magazine.*

Porkcussion—"A PIG explosion wrecked the silo of N. Williamson, a rancher here."—*St. Petersburg (Fla.) Evening Independent.*

Nifty Chow—"Last Sunday, Mr. Donovan and Edgar Perry enjoyed a FEASTY dinner with Mrs. D. J. Cotton."—*Wolfeboro (N. H.) Granite State News.*

"Helen" With a High Hand

"HELEN TATUM in the barnyard scene of the Pageant of Womanhood to be held at the Academy of Music tonight."—*Philadelphia (Pa.) Public Ledger.*

Blue-Black Eyes?—"That is, all but that DARK-EYED man with the CLEAR BLUE EYES who had come each day to court."—*Saucy Stories.*

Render Unto Siberia the Things That are Ural—"I have seen and know conditions of Siberia from here to the Ural Mountains and it is HEART RENDERING."—*Wolfeboro (N. H.) Granite State News.*

Now We Know What We Are—Premiers are satisfied. AMERICA formally recognized by U. S. as an Independent Republic.—*Fort Worth (Texas) Record.*

On the Wings of Song—Interesting visit with Edison: In the large campus there are hundreds of different kinds of trees. The air was laden with delicious perfume and vocal with songs of the mocking birds. We found the world-famous scientist with his wife, SEATED ON THE SONGS OF THE MOCKING BIRDS—*Winston-Salem (N. C.) Journal.*

On the Firing Line—A kerosene lamp accidently turned over was responsible for a small blaze in a tenement house at 242 Wallace Street about 7:30 last evening The crew from engine company No. 8 arrived first on the scene and extinguished the flames WITH A LINE OF CRIMINALS before any serious damage was done.—*New Haven (Conn.) Journal Courier.*

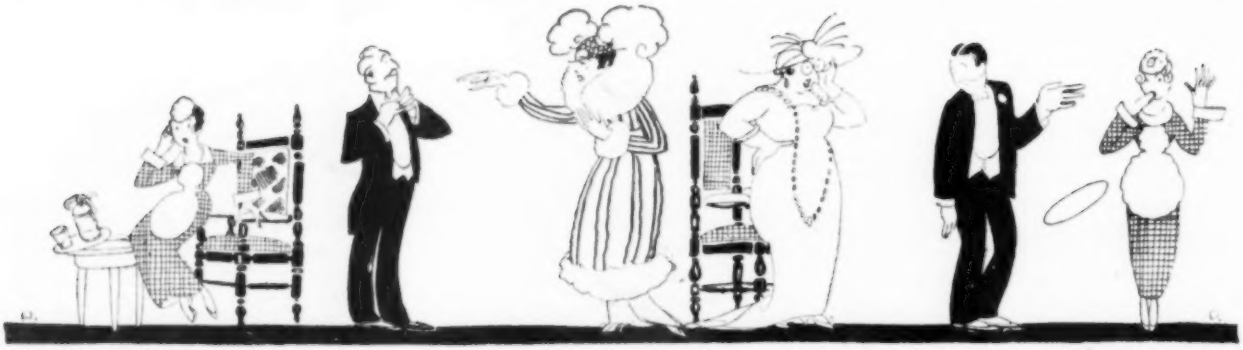
The Potent Lever—"I tried to smile happily, and I must have succeeded, for with a betwitching glance Beryl tripped up the stone steps."—*Pearson's Magazine.*

War's Aftermath—"Wanted: Women to Mangle."—*Juvenile Instructor.*

A Patient Vamp—"He opened the fingers which he had kept clenched together, and he felt the hot grip of her hand, holding his passionately, drawing it toward her until the fingers of her other hand, too fell upon it. So she SAT FOR SEVERAL MONTHS"—*New York Evening World.*

What Germany Is Long On—"News dispatches indicate that a geat influx of IMAGINATION is to be expected soon from foreign countries, and especially from some of the German states.—*Lebanon (Kansas) Times.*

THE SHOW SHOP



Drawn by Herman Palmer

Letting Well Enough Alone

By Perriton Maxwell

DID you ever examine, with any degree of critical curiosity, the small newspaper advertisements of the plays appearing in the theatres of your city? Have you ever wondered why they were so tiny, so ugly, and said so little? And why they were so huddled together, so typographically crude, so entirely uninteresting? Some few inquiring ones, not of the theatre, may have questioned the purpose of these thumbnail "cards," only to receive the answer that they are merely a guide to the stranger in town who is out gunning for Father Time. But how much of a sign-post are these little ads? To what extent do they sway the decision of the joy-seeker in Showdom? Are they really good advertising; do they properly exploit the various brands of entertainment sold in the Show Shops?

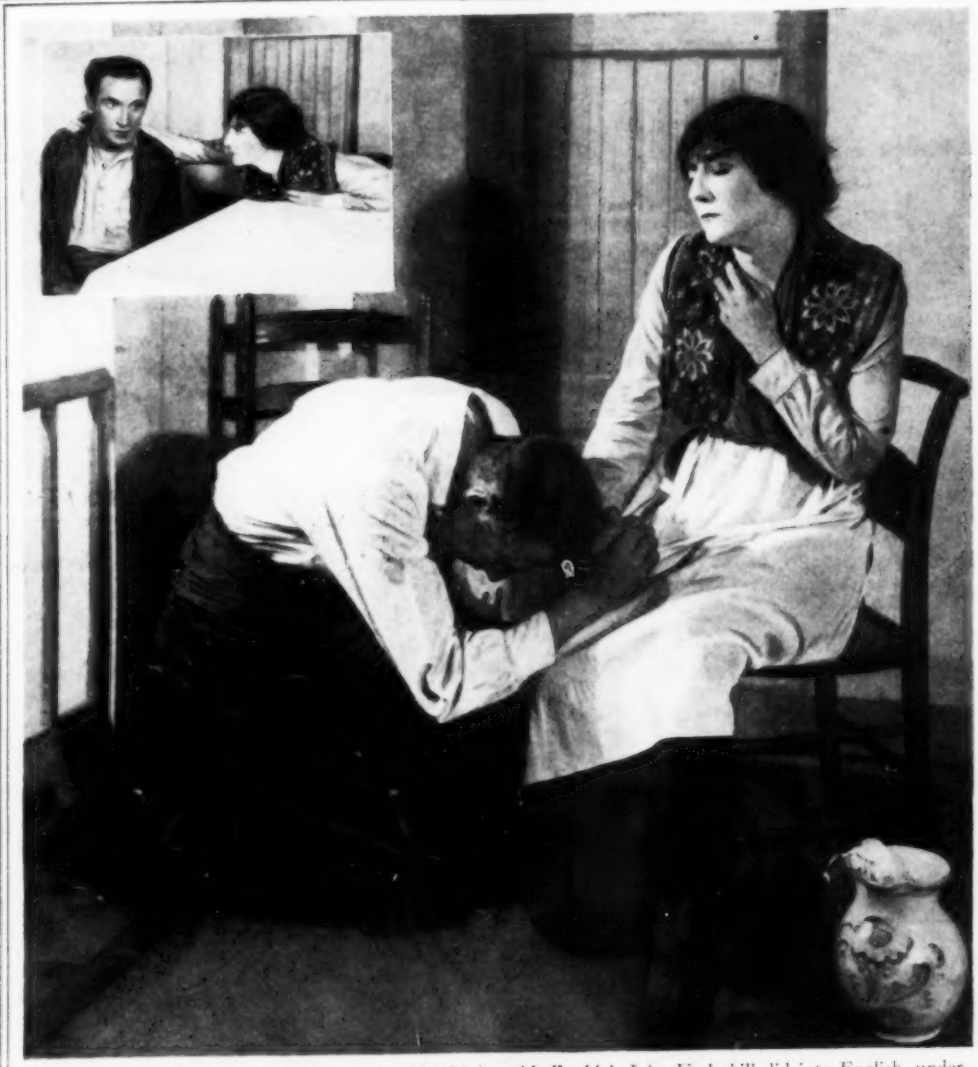
It is a pretty stiff barrage of questions, and not to be replied to with a single battery. The big truth is that theatre advertising in the newspapers is a matter of fixed custom; a routine of the theatrical business office which no one with a gift for organization has ever thought important enough to change, much less improve. Give the same annual appropriation as that now spent to any one of twenty big advertising concerns with instructions to secure a better "selling" quality in the same space as now allotted, and you will see a series of theatre advertisements that will make you rush for the box-office, wad in hand. The men who write the theatre ads. are untrained in expression and unskilled in the psychology of printed salesmanship; they are following in the trail of Tody Hamilton and other long-dead dealers in superlatives. As a patron of the theatre, do you personally care whether a play is "selling out eight weeks in advance?" Old Stuff!

Taking the New York theatre advertising as the worst possible example in the world, run your eye down the list of "attractions." What do you read? That "Lassie" is the "season's biggest musical hit"; that "The Hole in the Wall" is "a sensational dramatic success"; that "The Famous Mrs. Fair" is "the season's triumph"; "The Hottentot" the "biggest laughing hit in town"; "Honey Girl" the "musical comedy sensation"; and that "Betty Be Good" is also *the* "musical comedy sensation." All superlatives, all bombast, all alike! Never a new twist nor a happy phrase with the least modicum of conviction behind it.

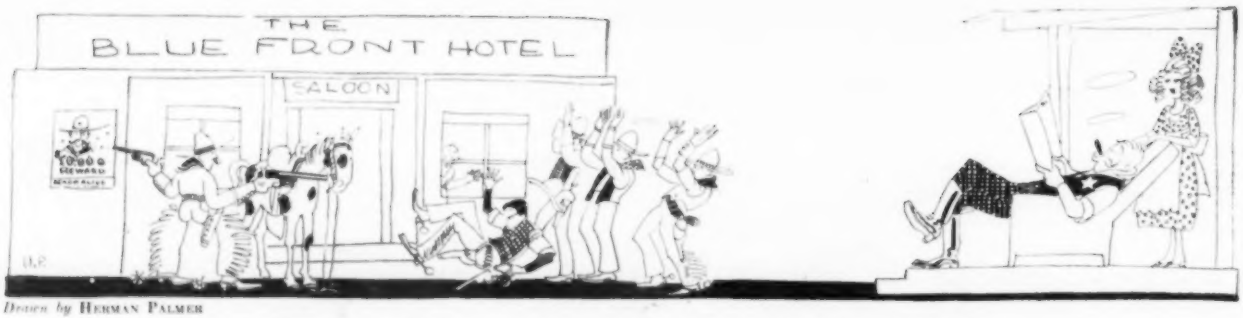
The uninitiated wonders why, when every show is a "hit" or a "sensation," so many wonderful plays and extraordinary musical shows quietly pass out of Broadway's ken. They don't all go "on the road," believe me! And if you doubt it, ask some of the big producers what their storehouse bills amount to in the course of a year. The business men of the theatre are not aware that advertising today is an exact science wedded to real art; they haven't even read an omen in the way new movie productions are exploited in print. There is a more valuable lesson for them in a single magazine page advertisement of any recent worthwhile motion pic-

(*Continued on page 32*)

Virginia Richmond of the "Lassie" amusement shift solves the high cost of vanity even though her dinner-pail is dinnerless.



THE Spanish play by Jacinto Benavente, "La Malquerida," which John Underhill did into English, under the title "The Passion Flower," has given theater-goers some idea of the terror of Castilian married life. If "The Passion Flower" truly depicts "the plateau of New Castile" and its "simple peasantry," existence there is a fearsome burden. The two scenes shown above are the high lights of tragedy in a superbly acted, if somewhat depressing, performance. In the larger scene there is a bit of talk like this: *Esteban* (Charles Waldron) to his wife *Raimunda* (Nance O'Neil): "Raimunda! Wife! Pity me! Don't talk to me. I am the one who must talk—I must confess, as I shall confess at the hour of my doom." And he does, while the audience shudders and forgets that it is comfortably housed in the heart of the New York theater district. The other scene shows *Norbert* (J. Harper Macaulay) and Miss O'Neil (still *Raimunda*) who asks: "That song? Oh, yes! That song—I remember." But she doesn't at all. "It goes," says *Norbert*, "like this: 'Who loves the maid that dwells by the mill shall love in an evil hour; because she loves with the love that she loves, call her the Passion Flower.'" But it isn't fair to judge the quality of the play by the banality of this schoolboy rhyme.



Drawn by HERMAN PALMER

The "Menace of the Movies"

By LENSO

THEY'VE been telling Bugaboo stories about the Movies these last few weeks. About the Movies and the Stage, with the Movies the turrible villain and the Stage the beautiful damsel in distress who's being done to death in a dark doorway. And what's worse, they end the account with a line of figures and names that make your ears crackle.

Once upon a time, in the Zoological Garden of a Yurrupean city, when I was just big enough to see over the railing, we watched a large and uncongenial snake devour a rabbit. That is, we watched *at* it—or at least I did. It was rather fascinating. The snake had stretched his mouth wide enough to just fit over one end of the rabbit, who didn't mind in the least, being already pleasantly dead. Both the snake and the rabbit seemed perfectly quiet and relaxed. But as they pulled me away I *think* I saw a muscle move, part way up in the snake—about in his chest, probably. . . . When we came past again, a couple of hours later, the rabbit was more than halfway in the snake's mouth. And next day, when I sneaked back to hear the end of the story, the rabbit was only a big lump in the middle of the snake. In a week, he wasn't even a swelling.

Well, that's about the way it is with the Movies and the Stage, the way they tell it. And they quote chapter and verse with surprising fluency. The snake has already stretched his mouth completely over one end of the rabbit, and the rabbit hasn't made a move.

Soon—they say—the stage (or what is left of it) will be completely dominated by the movies; financed by movie money instead of stage money, and shaped with future movie production in mind. So that we may expect to see six policemen chasing the villain disguised as an old washwoman pushing a baby-carriage around the stage in the last act. And lots of fire escapes. And every one always taking one jump in the air before they start to run.

In order to put a stop to this ugly business at once, I went around and talked with a newspaper man with a Big Name and lots of Facts. Then the two of us went out and talked with a man named Griffith. We chose him because, first, he's one of the nine really intelligent men in motion pictures that know the game; second, he's unquestionably the most prominent single figure in the industry; third, it's a good rule in the movies, just as it is in whist: When in doubt, ask D. W. Griffith.

Lastly, I cogitated deeply upon all that I had heard, and now give the results of this deep cogitation in the proper and following order:

First come the facts that started all the talk, now already given pretty wide publicity. Not only are there more New York theatres going into movies; they are controlled by motion picture money. The list that has been headed by the Rivoli and Rialto is slated shortly to include the Empire, the Lyceum, the New York, the Criterion, and three big new houses soon to be completed. More important still, stage productions have been, and are being, in constantly increasing proportions, financed and so controlled by movie money—Broadhurst, Morosco, and Williams productions, for example. Most important of all, these alliances, and perhaps in particular that of Chas. Frohman Inc. with the fillums, are putting certain film magnates in a position to secure, through preferential bookings, immense handicaps over their competitors.

Now from the Stage standpoint, this is a big "story"—though possibly not as important as would at first seem. In so far as the stage is concerned it does not make, after all, such a horrible lot of difference whether the man who finances the producer made his money by producing plays, or publishing books, or in Wall street, or in pork, or in the movies. *Some* difference, perhaps, but likely not such a *lot* of difference.

Mr. Lasky, speaking for the movies, points out that the snake is just as noble as the rabbit, anyway. And it is true that material that can be made into a good photoplay eventually, is not by any means because of that fact unsuitable for stage drama. Quite the reverse—the essentials of both are almost identical. All we have to do is forget the childish immaturities and asininities of the Early Movies (not that we've yet really reached the point of their being exactly *late!*) and get down to fundamentals: a good story is a good story, and a play is a play.

Besides, there's a thing few people have thought much about yet, that will probably counteract, and more, any lowering influence that the movie money and control may have on the stage. That is the passing of the stage to the limited audience—to a position somewhat analogous to that now occupied by Grand Opera. It costs so very much more, *per audience*, to stage a play than to film a photoplay, that before many more years the legitimate stage will afford recreation, generally speaking, only for the relatively well-to-do. Just put *that* in your dear Ol' Jimmy-pipe and smoke it. It means that each year stage audiences, taking 'em by and large, will be more critical, and to win shekels enough to satisfy, plays will each year have to be better—not worse. John and I and Nicky Krembelpetter and all the other poor writers and common peepul will have to be tickled enough to take in a movie for a couple of plunks apiece or even less, instead of crowding the "regular" lobby at Six a seat.—No? You take it from me!

Then, we come to the serpent or movie end of this swallowing act—and buh-leeve me that's a very, verry, v-e-r-y different matter. For practically every bit of the stage-swallowing has been done by a single movie organization—the Famous Players-Lasky Paramount-Artcraft combination. And it marks a step forward in the progress of this concern toward domination of the entire motion picture industry,—a domination that may yet be as formidable as was that of the old theatre trust over the American stage.

Griffith says that if necessary the movie independents will struggle along on half-rations until domination of the industry by a single concern is impossible—as was the case once before in movie history. His motto seems to be: "Once before I lay flat on my stomach, knee-deep in water, and waited twenty-four hours for the sun to rise—and if my Country calls I can do it again."

But it's a different story—this snake-swallow-snake or dog-eat-dog—and will have to have a new start.

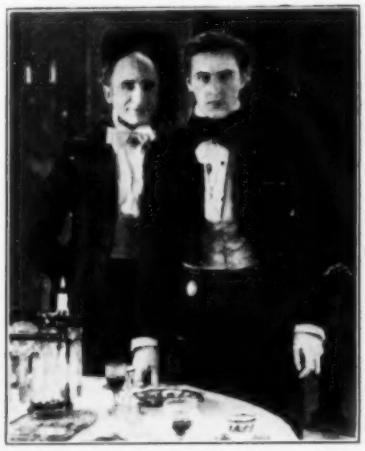
"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" in the Movies

Hyde's murderous assault on *Carew* (the father of the girl *Jekyll* is to marry). *Carew* has been upbraiding *Jekyll* for his association with *Hyde*. Here is where the "big punch" comes in (in a double sense) and the transformation of *Hyde* back to *Jekyll* takes place, with no cuffs (except on the head of *Carew*) to deceive you

John Barrymore Plays the Tragic Dual Rôle

Jekyll (Barrymore) and *Therese* (Nita Naldi, formerly Anita Dooley), the music hall dancer, who thrills the *Hyde* of the scholarly *Jekyll*.

Dr. Jekyll (John Barrymore) poses for a while at the door of the hospital where his cutting remarks are freely handed out to the needy.



Sir George Carew (Brandon Hurst), looking like a butler, rallies *Jekyll* (Barrymore) on his lack of worldliness.

A good foil to the Barrymore masculine beauty—the "announcer" at the music hall—Louis Wolheim.

Barrymore *Hyde*-ing his *Jekylling* nature in an effort to persuade the "announcer" to introduce *Therese*.

With the College Wits

Irrepressible, Joyous, Irresponsible

In the Chair

I felt his soft breath on my cheek
And the gentle touch of his hand—
His very presence near me
Seemed a breeze on the desert sand.
He deftly sought my lips
My head he did enfold,
Then he broke the silence with,
"Shall the filling be silver or gold?"
—*Iowa Frivol.*

In the Way

He—What makes that fellow glare at me so?
She—You're sitting on his ice cream.—*Yale Record.*

"Don't sit so close, Harold; you're crowding me out of the picture.
—*Minnesota Foolscap.*

Corrected

Lord D'Aliverus—These blawsted Americans turn everything the wrong way!
Miss Tootsie Mylliens—How so, my lord?
Lord D'Aliverus—Why they talk about the Russian bally, when any awss can see they mean the bally Russians!—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.*

One Explanation

"Rastus, what's an alibi?"
"Dat's provin' dat you wuz at prayer meetin' whar you wasn't, in order to show dat you wasn't at the crap game whar you wuz."—*Lehigh Burr.*

Old Stuff

We editors may dig and toil
Till our fingers-tips are sore,
But some poor fish is sure to say,
"I've heard that joke before."
—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

Differentiation

Nip—What's the difference between a dance and a dawnce?
Tuck—About four bucks.—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

Mother—I can see no reasons whatever for your wearing your dresses shorter.
1920 Daughter—But, Mother, there *are* reasons.—*Iowa Frivol.*

Philosophy

Woman may be called the weaker vessel, but we've seen some regular dreadnaughts.

Many a man when he's courting tells the object of his heart that he is unworthy, and spends the rest of his life proving it.

"Social Butterflies" is distinctly a misnomer. When one thinks of the way women go through clothes, "moths" would be more appropriate.

What good doctors know would fill an encyclopedia; but what bad ones do not know has filled the cemeteries.—*Mass. Tech. Voo Doo.*

The Armless Wonder

Henry—Hadn't you ought to have something around you to go motoring at night?
Lizzie—Haven't you anything with you?
—*Stanford Chaparral.*

Fond Papa—Ah, blessings, my children, and congratulations.
Daughter—But, Papa, how did you ever guess?
Fond Papa—Guess? Why when I sat down here the seat was warm.—*California Pelican.*

Why Wait?

The clock struck nine. I looked at Kate,
Her lips were rosy red.
"At quarter after nine, I mean
To steal a kiss," I said.

She cast a roguish glance at me,
And then she whispered low,
With quite her sweetest smile, "The clock
Is fifteen minutes slow!"—*Yale Record*

Their Little Way

"No, I have never smoked before," she said, blowing rings.—*Iowa Frivol.*

Fluttering Old Lady—Dear me! You're using your palette for a lunch table, aren't you?
Poor Artist—Yes, madam, it makes the food more palatable.—*Iowa Frivol.*

Reason Enough

Binks (coming out of theatre)—Why did everybody cry during the death scene? They must have known that the actor was not dead.
Jinks—Yes, that was just it.—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

The Pessimist	The Optimist
Love is transient.	Love is blissful.
Love is fleeting.	Love is beauty.
Love is nonsense.	Love is joyous.
Love is cheating.	Love is duty.
Love is foolish.	Love is lasting.
Love is funny.	Love is honey.
Love is fickle.	Love is pleasure.
Love costs money.	Love costs money.

—*Yale Record.*

A Good Test

Student—What about wood-alcohol?
Stude—Don't you know how to test for that?
Student—No.
Stude—Filter through a handkerchief and see if you get any splinters.—*Lehigh Burr.*

Drawn by Barksdale Rogers

"Oh, yes, Jack is a slave to his business!"

"Indeed, and what is his business?"

"Oh, making love to his rich wife, and explaining why he needs money!"

Too Sweet for Anything

By Katherine Negley

THERE was only time to make one gown before the reception, and Elsie would storm if she did not have a new one; so Bessie wore her old dress; but she was very sweet about it.

When Aunt Ilda could take only one of the sisters to California with her, she preferred Bessie, but Elsie would fuss if she did not get to go; so Bessie stayed at home; but she was very sweet about it.

Arthur began to call at the house and it was evident he liked Bessie better than Elsie; but Elsie appropriated him; and Bessie was very sweet about it.

However, Bessie dreamed of marrying Arthur; but when he married Elsie, Bessie was very sweet about it.

Instinctively, the whole family gave Bessie what was left of everything; and oftentimes left her out of things altogether; but Bessie was always sweet about it.

Now she is the old maid of the family; the unpaid servant of them all; but she is very sweet about it.

LEARN PIANO!

This Interesting Free Book

shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ in your own home, **at one-quarter usual cost.** Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method is endorsed by leading musicians and heads of State Conservatories. Successful 25 years. Play chords **at once** and complete piece in every key, **within 4 lessons.** Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. For beginners or teachers, old or young. **All music free.** Diploma granted. Write today for 64-page free book, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."

W. L. Quinn Conservatory, Studio J E, 598 Columbia Road, Boston, 25, Mass.

At the start, W. L. Douglas was buyer, cutter, salesman and frequently his own expressman as well. Old Brockton residents tell of often seeing him coming from Boston carrying a roll of leather under his arm

W. L. Douglas frequently worked eighteen to twenty hours a day—returning to his factory many a night to lay out the next day's work, after spending the day in Boston buying leather and selling shoes

SIDAN MANUFACTURING — JULY 6 1876

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

$7.00 $8.00 $9.00 & $10.00 SHOES

BOYS' SHOES $4.50 $5.00 $5.50

W. L. Douglas shoes are sold in 107 of our own stores direct from factory to the wearer. All middlemen's profits are eliminated. W. L. Douglas $9.00 and $10.00 shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom guarantees the best shoes in style, comfort and service that can be produced for the price.

Stamping the price on every pair of shoes as a protection against high prices and unreasonable profits is only one example of the constant endeavor of W. L. Douglas to protect his customers. W. L. Douglas name on shoes is his pledge that they are the best in materials, workmanship and style possible to produce at the price. Into every pair go the results of sixty-seven years experience in making shoes, dating back to the time when W. L. Douglas was a lad of seven, pegging shoes.

The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

W. L. Douglas shoes are for sale by over 9000 shoe dealers besides our own stores. If your local dealer cannot supply you, take no other make. Order direct from the factory. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

CAUTION.—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole. If it has been changed or mutilated, BEWARE OF FRAUD.

W. L. Douglas

President W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE COMPANY, 145 SPARK STREET, BROCKTON - - MASS.

Two Flames

By Otto James Bowles

A FLAME is on the table
And one is in my heart;
Yet I am always able
To tell the two apart.

And I believe that no man
Should miss the line between;
For one is caused by woman,
The other kerosene!

His Winter of Discontent

Post—Our first parents had no sense of the proprieties.

Parker—No, indeed! I understand that Adam's fall was in the spring.

Drawn by J. K. Bryans

"So this young man who calls on you is interested in oil stocks. He must be a fool!"

"No, he isn't, pa. He has capitalized the old farm, and is selling the stock."

No Way to Conserve It

It's mighty queer that, just as there is a shortage of paper, women are to have the ballot.

Poore Childe

A Riddle without an Answer

By Julian M. Drachman

Childe Rolande had just been graduate
  From the Universitee,
And he started out in princely state,
  A youth of high degree,
With a regular Baccalaureate,
  M.A. and Ph.D.

* * *

Childe Rolande had studied for year upon year
  All studies under the sun.
Whatever in books can be found to appear
  He had mastered one by one;
And a few of the things are listed here
  Which Rolande had swiftly "done."

Architecture
Art
Astronomy
Greek
Eugenics and Economy
Education
Sanitation
Hygienic Osculation
Apodictic Disputation
Botany
Histology
Morbid Criminology
Portuguese
Norwegian
Prehistoric Fuegian
Etiology
Aesthetics
Properties of all Emetics
First Aid
Light and Shade
Military Dress Parade
Metaphysics
Exposition
Etiquette and Manumission
Law
History
Christian Science
Versification
Self-Reliance
Physiography
Psychology
Heliography
Horology
Zoology

Childe Rolande left his student days
  Behind in the misty murk
Of an old, romantic, distant haze,
  And started to look for work
As a writer, or critic of current plays,
  Or—if it must be—a clerk.

He fared him forth to the nearest street
  To purchase the daily news.
He flung it wide at the "*Wanted*" sheet
  To see what the world could use:
And here is the tale, well-nigh complete,
  Of what he did then peruse:

Agents, Ash-Men and Addressers, Boys, Boys Boys, Boys, Cutters, Pressers, Drivers, Engineers, and Firemen, Gate-Attendants, Helpers, Wiremen, Instrument-Makers, Pastry-Bakers, Seven Different Kinds of Fakers, Bell-Boys, Janitors, and Waiters.

Drawn by D. A. Jay

Bill—Well, whatcher got?
Goldie—Three Queens.
Bill—That's funny; I dealt you three Jacks.

Electric-Drill-Press-Operators, Auto-Mechanics, Butlers, Actors, Expert Enginemen "*on*" Tractors, Factors, Street-Sweepers, Morgue-Keepers, Colored Men to Work on Sleepers, Book-Binders, Crook-Finders, Men, Experienced Armature Winders, Laborers for Stone-Crushing, Handsome Youths for Theatre-Ushing, Lots of jobs for slobs and snobs and discharged Gobs.

Childe Rolande stroked his long black hair
  And his flowing artist's tie.
With terrible words he began to swear
  And roar and snort and sigh:
"Oh, where shall I get me a job—oh where?"
  While Echo chirped, "Oh why?"

So he went to a drug-store near at hand
  And purchased some "Sure to Kill."
Then he called his legal counsel, and
  Proceeded to make his will.
He swallowed the stuff with a gesture grand,
  To quit this Vale of Ill.

But the dope had been cooked up carefully
  By a firm of profiteers,
So that it seemed most snarefully
  Like Essence of Cobra's Ears;
Yet one could bathe in it cheerfully
  Each day for a hundred years.

Now Rolande took him forth once more
  To lynch the cheating swine;
But all at once he stopped before
  A flaming scarlet sign;
And here is what Childe Rolande saw (r)
  Recopied line by line:

Men Wanted, Women too. Simply tell us what you do.
Agitators, Demonstrators, Instigators, Praters, Traitors.
Genus: soap-boxtype: orators.
Writers, Fighters, Note-Inditers;
One who reads, writes, and speaks the languages of Finns and Greeks, also Creeks, Bolsheveeks, and Freaks.

Childe Rolande sat him on the fence,
  His mind at a perfect halt;
And his ponderings were long and dense,
  (Though quite unblurred by malt),
Well, if he chose without much sense,
  Can *you* say who's at fault?

The Bromidic Pinnacle

By C. D. Roberts

THE flu has flown, but "Peak" is still with us. The flu was pandemic, peak is endemic—a disease that attacks the speech of statesmen and public men, but mostly newspaper editors and reporters. It peeks at you from all over the printed page, like its coeval the verb "function." On the landscape peaks are prominent principally because of procerity; peak in the press because it presses itself upon the notice by its ubiquity. "Psychological moment," once the peak of phraseologic abominations, is almost dead; "camouflage," which the war caused so universally to flourish that even babes and sucklings lisped it in their sleep, is moribund. But peak and function are now functioning at their peak; they are yet to sing their respective swan-songs. The rage for them is a joyous infatuation with the rage-ridden; to the reader a raging nightmare. If now and then the users would only camouflage peak and function at the psychological moment with a synonym! And if they won't, why not—as the affliction is a mental malady, psychopathic—have alienists appointed to minister some sweet psychiatry to the minds diseased? Wouldn't it be a relief!

A Necessary Evil

"These pessimistic preachers say there's too much license in the world."

"Just the same they won't marry you unless you've got one."

Drawn by Emil Flohri

Our Home Nine

Drawn by Arthur T. Merrick

Why is it that after using nearly a box of matches the successful match refuses to go out?

The Tours of 1920

By A. H. Folwell

It is the outspoken intention of the Prohibitionists to make the whole world dry. But between the dethronement of John Barleycorn in America and his abdication generally elsewhere there is bound to be an interval of some years. In that interval it will be possible for those who like "beer and light wines" to satisfy their desires in Europe. And as certain outposts of Europe may be reached in a matter of five days—we dismiss the airship from consideration—those who have the time to spare and the money to spend will be able to drop in on Europe whenever they feel like having "a little party."

Of this state of affairs, agencies which conduct "personally conducted tours" will undoubtedly take due advantage. A dry United States and a wet Europe will work certain radical changes in the goods which these agencies will offer their patrons. The old features, the old points of interest, will be mentioned of course in the itinerary, but the emphasis of black-face type will be placed, it is likely, upon other attractions. For example:

TOUR OF ENGLAND

Price of ticket includes cost of visit to London, where tourists may revel in the British Museum, Tower, St. Paul's, Albert Memorial, the Guild Hall, Rotten Row, Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, etc., but also in very special side-trips to

Burton-on-Trent Home of English Ale

Where stopover privileges of one week will be granted, and a ticket entitling each tourist to the

Freedom of Burton Breweries

For those who fancy a visit to Ireland, accommodations will be provided via Holyhead and Dublin, the trip including on the one-ticket stops at Dublin, the Lakes of Killarney, Blarney Castle, Belfast, Londonderry, the Giant's Causeway, and also a three-day stay at a distillery for a few

Drops of Irish Poteen

The continental tour, taken in connection with this agency's trip ticket, offers to patrons opportunities for foreign travel and observation of exceptional value. See Paris, the world-center of art and fashion. Also, of

Vintage Wine

Visit quaint Holland, its canals, dikes, wooden shoes, windmills, not forgetting

Holland Schnapps

Two parties, Party A and Party B, will visit respectively Germany and Italy, the first passing the time wholly in Munich,

Home of German Beer

The second going by way of the Simplon tunnel to Naples and Rome, where the tourist may enjoy excellent

Italian Champagne

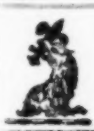
Which many connoisseurs pronounce to be fully equal to the best French brands, and at half the cost. Optional side-trips to the Forum, the Colosseum, etc., etc., if the tourist has time.

Important Note—In nearly all high-class European hotels, water-drinking with meals is deemed unsafe.

Drawn by R. H. Rahilly

"I'm tryin' to get back to my poor old mother, ma'am; she ain't seen my face for ten years."
"Well, why don't you wash it?"

WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW!
SENT PREPAID FOR ONLY 50c.
This book is written by Margaret Sanger—the great birth control advocate—and although it was suppressed by the postal authorities we are now permitted to send it to you.
It contains information never before published, and everyone that reads the book cannot help but be benefited. It is highly endorsed by eminent physicians. Send your order at once. Don't delay.
TRUTH PUB. CO., Dept. W. 1402 Broadway, N. Y.



"A Smart Hotel for Smart People"
Metropolitan in every respect, yet homey in its atmosphere
HOTEL WOLCOTT
Very desirable for women traveling alone
Thirty-First Street, by Fifth Avenue, New York

ROMEIKE'S PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU
We will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you may want to be "up-to-date." Every newspaper and periodical of importance in the United States and Europe is searched. Terms $6.00 per 100 notices.
HENRY ROMEIKE, 106-110 Seventh Ave., New York

DIAMONDS WATCHES ON CREDIT

Send for Diamond, Watch and Jewelry Catalog. IT IS FREE!

EVERY ARTICLE IN OUR CATALOG is specially selected and priced unusually low. We are offering wonderful values in Diamond Rings, Solitaires and Clusters, in all the popular mountings, plain and fancy engraved, special at $50, $75, $85, $100, $150 and up. Whatever you select will be sent prepaid by us. You see and examine the article right in your own hands. If satisfied, pay one-fifth of purchase price and keep it, balance divided into eight equal amounts, payable monthly.

LIBERTY BONDS ACCEPTED

Most Popular Rings

Send for Catalog Today

Lowest Prices

Easy Terms

Our Catalog shows all the standard world-renowned Watches — solid gold and gold filled cases. Splendid bargains in 25-year guaranteed Watches on credit terms as low as $2.50 a Month

LOFTIS BROS. & CO.
THE NATIONAL CREDIT JEWELERS
Dept. N-874 108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Stores in Leading Cities

Drawn by QUINN HALL

Hawley—Bawlins looks worried to death.

Griddle—Yes, his wife just sent home three dozen boxes of sardines and he thinks that's her first step towards joining a club.

OLD FRIENDS FIND
the "Subtle Something" in
Checona Evans' Beverage
FORMERLY KNOWN AS CHECONA EVANS ALE
which they enjoyed so well in other days. Just like renewing old acquaintances.
Try it at Hotel, Restaurant or Club. Supplied in cases by Progressive Dealers.
C. H. EVANS & SONS Estab. 1786 HUDSON, N. Y.

Film Fun

The magazine that puts you on speaking terms with your favorite star.

For Sale at All Newsstands

15c a copy *$1.50 a year*

(Advertising Rates on Application)

LESLIE-JUDGE CO. 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Letting Well Enough Alone

(*Continued from page 24*)

ture production than in a year's output of the routine ad. writers who prepare and "place" the "copy" for all the theatres in New York. The difference between the two is not one of size alone; it is the difference between the woodcut ads. exploiting the virtues of horse liniments, sewing machines and gum-drops, found in the popular magazines of forty years ago, and the carefully planned, beautifully illustrated, strong-selling and human interest advertisements of the foremost commodities of today with their irresistible appeal to the eye, the imagination and the pocketbook.

The Sting of Poverty

Mrs. Lerret—It's *so* mortifying to be poor.

Mrs. Yadilloh—I should say so. My Bessie has to wear a home drug store complexion, while every other girl in her set sports the imported kind.

No One Need Buy Cuticura Before He Tries Free Samples

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. everywhere. Samples free of Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 7, Malden, Mass.

KNICKERBOCKER Broadway, 38th St., Eve. 8:30 Mat. Wed. and Sat. 2:30
HENRY W. SAVAGE offers
THE CAPE COD COMEDY
SHAVINGS
From Joseph C. Lincoln's Novel
"Like going on a summer vacation."—N. Y. World

Too Bad

By NATHAN M. LEVY

I'LL tell you of her ways and his and I am sure that you'll agree that in more ways than one this is a strange, eventful history.

He loved to raise his voice in song and his wife loved the mandolin, so she rebuked him loud and long and he—he said she played like sin.

He loved his pies all things above, she loved all pickled things like mad, so his taste she thought little of and he said hers was mighty bad.

He loved to read the novelists, she loved the poets as her life, so he is stupid, she insists, and he says mean things to his wife.

He loved to dance round dances but she loved the dances known as square, so she declared he was a nut and he that she was mad for fair.

He loved his colors bright and gay, she loved to have dark colors nigh, and so she teased him night and day and he was sorry for her eye.

He loved to play with ball and bat, she loved to swim and thought it bliss—he said she didn't know this from that, she said he didn't know that from this.

He loved so many things with might, the things she loved so many were, but those in which he found delight were just the things that nettled her.

Ah! since they did love things a lot—I've thought the matter o'er and o'er—it is a pity (is it not?) they did not love each other more.

Drawn by JES LEWIS

Teacher—Now can you tell me who Atlas was?

Kid—He is de guy what supported the world.

Teacher—And what supported Atlas?

Kid—I guess he married some rich widow.

The New Order

"Did Mrs. Kresus have any trouble in getting a divorce?"

"None whatever. She was able to prove that her husband went through her clothes every morning looking for change."

Regarding Editorial, Subscription and Advertising Matters

SUBSCRIPTION OFFICES: Main office—Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK. European agent, Wm. Dawson & Sons, Ltd., Cannon House, Breams' Bldg., London, E. C., England. Annual cash subscription price, $7.00. Postage free in the United States, its dependencies, and Mexico. To Canadian Provinces add 50 cents a year for postage; to all foreign countries add $1.00 a year. Single copies of present year and 1919, 15 cents each; 1918, 20 cents each; 1917, 30 cents each, etc.

Persons representing themselves as connected with JUDGE should always be asked to produce credentials.

ADVERTISING OFFICES: Brunswick Bldg., 225 Fifth Avenue, New York; Marquette Bldg., Chicago; Henry Bldg., Seattle. (Rates $1.50 per agate line.)

CHANGE IN ADDRESS: Subscriber's old address as well as the new must be sent in with request for the change. Also give the number appearing on the right hand side of the address on the wrapper. It takes from ten days to two weeks to make a change.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

To Contributors: JUDGE will be glad to consider jokes and stories. Contributions should always be accompanied by postage for their return, if unaccepted.

Copyright, 1920, by Leslie-Judge Company. Entered at the Post-office at New York as Second-class Mail Matter. Published weekly by Leslie-Judge Company, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York. John A. Sleicher, President. Reuben P. Sleicher, Secretary. A. E. Rollauer, Treasurer.

Printed by the Schweinler Press.

Address all correspondence to

225 Fifth Avenue JUDGE New York City

SUBSCRIPTIONS
If you subscribe to the things *Judge* stands for you oughta subscribe for what you subscribe to

The Ballyhoo Bugle

A NEWSPAPER *with a* HUNCH

WEATHER
We apologize for announcing Spring weather as having arrived three weeks before yesterday's cold wave.

EXTRA

The New Chemistry of Stolen Diamonds

—:o:—

Gelett Burgess Evolves from His Courteous Retort a New Species of Literary Brilliant

—:o:—

Awful Predicament of Mrs. Hash

MYSTERYVILLE, JUNE 5, (Special to *The Bugle*)—In an exclusive interview granted a *Bugle* reporter yesterday by Gelett Burgess, the well-known discoverer of the bromide and sulphite theory, the great literary chemist told some interesting new facts concerning diamonds. Mr. Burgess does not himself wear many diamonds, but he has handled more of the costly brilliants (in stories) than any other author of rip-roaring fiction. He has never hesitated to thrust a whole handful of diamonds into a story when he thought the tale could be made more sparkling by such extravagance.

"When you take a story and hang a diamond necklace about its neck, it immediately thinks itself a detective yarn," says the noted father of Awful Angie. In his thrilling narrative of "The Dancing Dentist," Mr. Burgess introduces a brand new idea in current fiction—a stolen diamond necklace. Mrs. Hash, a Patagonian with a 3,500-miles-away expression was feeling her neck (it was still there, thank gawd) but her jewels were—where were they? They had been stoled! And so this new theme is brought home to the reader with all the force of a great and profound discovery.

"And speaking of diamonds," continued Mr. Burgess, "my great deteckative story 'The Partial Eclipse of Blibber' creates an epoch mark in the life of Ferrett, the Albino Detective—the sleuth with a grin like that you see on the lips of married mackerel."

But we will not anticipate. Everything that is known about Blibber is told, to the last button on his pajamas, and his ultimate hiccough, in the next issue of *Judge*. It is a wonderful revelation of unmitigated idiocy.

"Judge" and Walt Mason

Please enter my subscription to *Judge* for one year for which I enclose check for $7.00.

Walt Mason is some Cuss. If you have his Rymes illustrated by Ralph Barton, I want a full set and what is coming. He certainly is a judge of humans without the frills.

Yours very truly,
GEORGE S. CARSON,
President Iowa Gas and Electric Co.
Iowa City, Iowa.

Egg View News-Notes

A smart-acting collector, who came down from Pollywog on Number Six this morning, wishes that Egg View folks could meet an obligation like they can a train.

Corny Paine lost his hat while riding in his second-hand Pollywog automobile the other day. As soon as Tink Nitz got to hear of it, Tink said that Corney must have been travelling down hill at the time.

Plato Prouty says that some women are born beautiful-some acquire beauty, and some sneeze out loud in order to attract attention.

Sherm Spoor notices in the papers where a prominent doctor claims a life of nineteen hundred years is possible. In such a length of time, Sherm ventures that his wife might be able to pick out a hat that really suited her.

Muley Cannon, who attended a big-city drama last week, is responsible for saying that the single couples usually sit downstairs, the newly married in the first balcony, and so on up.

Bulgie Wobber can wear any shirt that Bill Waite, our grocer, has in stock. They are all the same size.

Ambrose Crosslots says: "In spite of the high cost of clothing, a cloak of religion kin be had as cheap as ever."

Straw hats that used to sell in Bill Waite's grocery for a dollar and a quarter must now fetch at least four dollars. Bill lays most of the blame onto the big increase in the cost of leather, of which the sweat-bands are made.

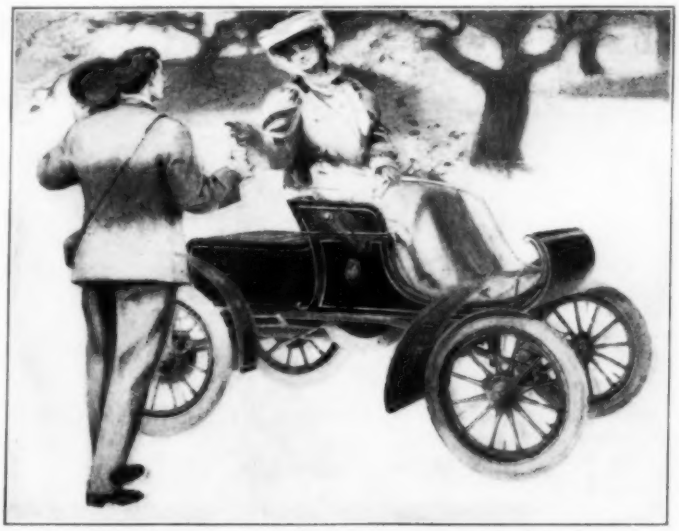
You Should Read

the witty, informative articles on the "Moshun Pitcher" industry now appearing weekly in JUDGE. They are the sanest things in print concerning the "Movies," and are written by the best-informed man in the country connected with the business that controls the thought and emotions of

Ten Million People a Day.

Who makes the movies? What makes 'em move? When do they tick? What are they doing—what have they done—what will they do—to Isadore and Maggie and Silas, not to mention you and me? Read

Lenso ***Every Week in*** ***Judge***



This nifty one-and-a-half passenger, 1904 model, of the Gaso Gadabout, will be presented to any subscriber to the *Bugle* whose annual costs for car upkeep during the past sixteen years has been less than his salary.

Personal Mention

Lawrence Fellows prefers a pipe.

C. W. Anderson, who recently moved here from Chicago, expresses himself well pleased with N. Y.

We don't know of a butter toast-master than Jim Flagg, who presided at *Judge's* dinner to the College Wits.

Charlie Sarka can also write his name in Hawaiian, but sticks to the regular thing for week-day use & in the telephone-book.

F. L. E. Gauss, who made a Zowie trip to the hospital recently, is again hanging up his hat & coat at headquarters.

We bet if the editorial-room of this paper was decorated up as beautiful all the time as it was on the evg. of the college boys' dinner, the contributors would call on the editors oftener.

Walt de Maris was showing up some schnapp-shots of the farm he bought himself over in New Jersey, the popular wet state. Walt says his window looks right out on what looks like hops to us, but Walt said it was daisies.

Boss Hinkley, the Chesterfield of the Adv. dept., pays a justly deserved tribute to the writers and artists of this paper. Hink says that if it wasn't for the lively bits of prose and verse and jokes, etc., done by the authors and the pictures contributed by the artists, that in all probability he wouldn't be able to get any advertising for *Judge* at all.

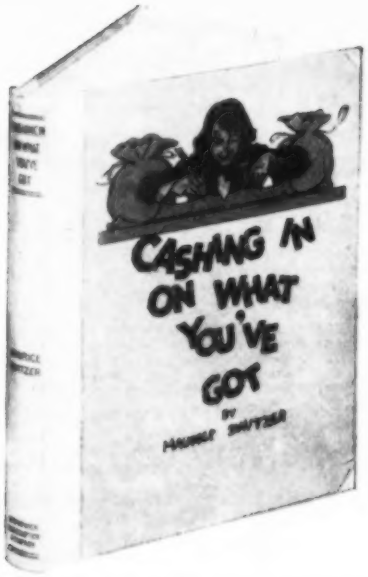
Quite a party up at Dr. W. W. Whitelock's Fri. evg. In addition to his literary work Bill manages to find some time to devote to social leading.

Ors Lowell disguised himself as a Yale student & got a drawing into the *Record*, the well-known college paper.

Lauren Stout and Eddie Brush can certainly tell some funny stories about the recent European war they took part into. Lauren's yarn of how he got the candles to light up a poker game were enough to make a dog laugh.

Pennsylvania Not All Dry

Malcolm H. Oettinger of the University of Pennsylvania writes: "When one has been wined and dined as we were on that famous Saturday ev ning, I think it is not at all amiss to add to the gaiety of nations, and all that sort of thing, by once more, and perhaps more firmly, voicing appreciation of the rare privilege—as well as the rare food—expended upon us. *Punch Bowl* lifts the spicy brew aloft in a toast to *Judge!* But wait until next year!"



What Is Success?

You must read what Maurice Switzer, business executive, economist, poet and humorist, has to say on the subject in

CASHING IN ON WHAT YOU'VE GOT

Just extra good common sense attractively and wittily served up. Every word is golden for those who are able to appreciate that **cashing in on what we have** is entirely possible if we will follow some few fundamental maxims. Maurice Switzer has produced an unusual type of literature; it is unique in its humorous qualities and philosophical insight, combined with practical everyday advice.

There is the flavor of Emerson, a suggestion of Arnold Bennett, and a dash of George Ade in this book.

Price $1.00 Postpaid

Don't miss reading it. Send in your order to-day, using the coupon below.

Leslie-Judge Co. 1-5-29-20
225 Fifth Avenue
New York City

Please send me a copy of "CASHING IN ON WHAT YOU'VE GOT," for which I enclose $1.00.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Drawn by A. B. Walker

MAYBE

"Well, Sam, with Prohibition now a law there won't be any chance of your grandson ever having a nose like yours."

"I'm not so sure, parson. Some of this home-made stuff has possibilities."

To a Familiar Goddess

By Berton Braley

GONE are the gods from the great heights Olympian;
Bacchus is banished, and Mars?—We shall see!
Goddesses too, who wore draperies skimpy in
Texture, have likewise proceeded to flee;
They've been tabooed by the moral omnisciency
Shown by the proud puritanical crew;
Now—as though *that* wasn't quite a sufficiency—
Dame Nicotine, they are gunning for you!

Goddess of Smoke, shall they drive you away from us,
You to whom incense is burned everywhere;
Take all your solace by night and by day from us?
Not if we know it, oh, Goddess most fair!
You, who can waft on blue clouds of forgetfulness
All of our woes and our worries afar,
Soother of sorrows and calmer of fretfulness
Whether in cigarette, pipe or cigar;

We, your true devotees, masculine, feminine,
Promise your altar fires ever shall burn,
Though each acidulous, spirit-soured lemon in
All of the country, should suddenly turn
Fiercely upon you with all of their batteries
Let them come on, we are set for the stroke;
What do we care what their tumult and clatter is?
We'll drive 'em back with a broadside of smoke!

What is the ill they can honestly tell of you?
Naught but the gossip that comes from a crowd.
Who, knowing not the benevolent spell of you,
Cough at each blue nicotinian cloud.
Fear not. Their wrath and their bitter malignity
Shall not abolish your empire serene;
Goddess of peace and of dreamy benignity
Long shall you comfort us, Dame Nicotine!

His Determination

"I reckon your kinfolks that gave you the birthday surprise party wished you many happy returns, and all such as that?" said an acquaintance.

"They sorter mentioned something of the sort," grimly replied Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Ark. "But there hain't a-going to be no returns—not if I see 'em first!"

Drawn by Sam Brown

Jones—Do you ever play golf, Miss Sportleigh?
Miss Sportleigh—Mercy no, Mr. Jones. I don't know a thing about the game. I don't even know which end of the caddy you take hold of when you start to hit the ball.

THE GATES OF DAWN

EMINENT SCIENTISTS AND SCHOLARS WHO ENDORSE THIS STUDY

Prof. Curie	Sir A. Conan Doyle
Prof. Lombroso	Prof. Sidgwick
Sir William Crookes	Sir J. J. Thomson
Prof. Flammarion	Sir W. F. Barrett
Dr. J. H. Hyslop	Prof. Bergson
Lord Rayleigh	Prof. Richet
Sir Oliver Lodge	Dr. G. Geley
Hon. A. J. Balfour	Prof. Balfour Stewart

And many others of equal prominence.

The Most Original—Thrilling—Thought-Provoking Work Ever Published

THAT a Future Life has now been scientifically proved is asserted by many of our leading scientists. HOW it has been proved—the ACTUAL METHODS employed—the ACTUAL RESULTS attained—are among the astounding revelations found in

The Library of the Occult and Psychical Sciences

By

Hereward Carrington, Ph. D., and Dr. William S. Walsh, F. A. M. A.

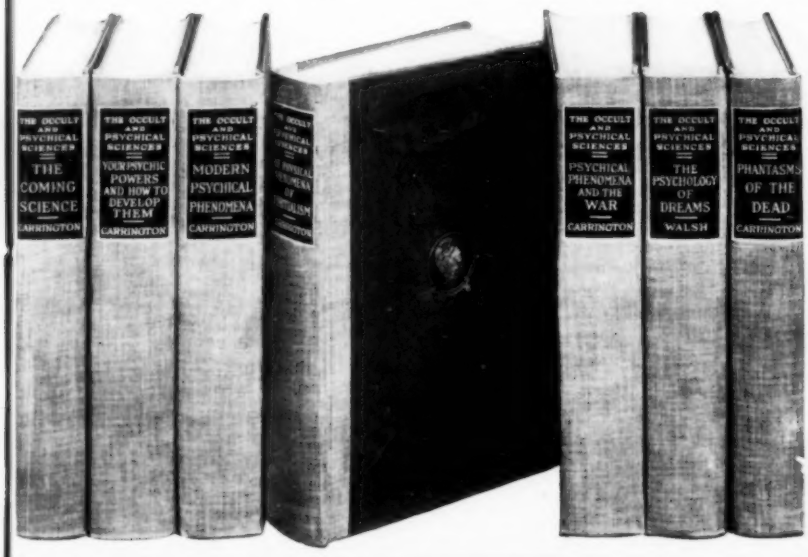
WHETHER the universe is at basis material or spiritual lies at the root of all moral law, all philosophy and science, and is the most important question before the world today. It is *The Coming Science.*

The validity of the evidence pointing to an invisible world, the future abode of man, so near our own that the veil might be torn or lifted, is now admitted by many of the greatest minds of the day. Heretofore we have been studying merely the Material World of Products and Effects. The World of Causes and Forces lies all unexplored before us. It is into this fascinating field—the border-line of the Unknown, the dim, mysterious region that lies between MIND and MATTER, between physical and spiritual forces and energies, that we are carried by these marvellous volumes, that voice the last word of Science upon the phenomena of Spiritism, the Occult and the Psychic.

Do the Dead Live and Communicate?

THE MYSTERY OF EXISTENCE THE GREATEST QUESTIONS OF ALL TIME

are discussed in clear and understanda ble language: What Happens at the Moment of Death—How We Progress in the Spirit World—Messages from the Beyond—Our Hidden Forces—How to Develop Our Psychic P owers—The Sexes Hereafter—Ghosts and Haunted Houses—Forms Created by Will—How Spirit Photography is Possible—How to Obtain Thought Photographs—How Mental T elepathy Operates—The Marvels of Materialization—Reincarnation and Eastern Philosop hy—The Genuine and the Fraudulent in Spiritism—Projection of the Astral Body—Mastering the Self—Fear and How to Banish It—The Three Laws of Success—Personal Magnetism—Spiritual Healing—Cultivating the "Sixth Sense"—Power over Animate and Inanimate Matter—How to Interpret Dreams, and many other Topics of equal Importance and Interest.



SEVEN SPLENDID STIMULATING VOLUMES

that will make clear to you many things you despaired of understanding before. Each volume 8¼ x 5⅝ inches.

Art Craft De Luxe Binding with Titles Stamped in Gold—Beautifully Printed—Many Unique Illustrations, Including Psychic and Spirit Photographs.

A SPECIALLY LOW BEFORE-PUBLICATION PRICE

Costs of Material and Labor are soaring daily. Immediate orders only can be accepted at the before-publication price, which is based on present costs.

When the books are off the presses and out of the hands of the binders a material increase in price will be necessary. You will save money ordering TODAY.

Books ready soon and orders filled strictly in rotation.

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

SEND $1.00 WITH COUPON OR $15.50 if you want to save the cash discount of $1.50.

J. 5-29-20

BRUNSWICK SUBSCRIPTION CO.
416 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Enclosed is $1.00 first payment on the 7-volume set of Library of Occult and Psychical Sciences to be shipped charges prepaid. I agree to remit $2.00 a month for 8 months following receipt of books. Othetwise, I will, within 5 days, ask for instructions for the return of the set, my $1.00 to be refunded on its receipt.

Name .....

Address .....

Occupation ..... State .....

"What's a bath without a Topkis, eh, Bob?"
"You SAID *something, Frank!"*

A WILTING round of golf, or a vicious match of tennis. The reviving drench of the needle-shower, then into a fine, fresh suit of toppy Topkis, to make the exercise worth while.

And Topkis, more than any other? Assuredly. For Topkis is fashioned from first quality nainsook with the utmost skill of the needle craft, deliberately designed for body-freedom. *The prices are exceptionally reasonable, too!* That is Topkis, exclusively.

Topkis comes in unions at $1.65, also shirts-and-drawers at $1.00 the garment. Available at quality shops. You'll want a half dozen suits at least. Especially at the low Topkis price. Genuine Topkis has the red-diamond label.

TOPKIS BROTHERS COMPANY, Wilmington, Del.
General Sales Offices, 350 Broadway, New York City
Also Makers of Women's, Children's and Boys' Athletic Underwear

TOPKIS
Athletic Underwear

Copyright 1919, Topkis Brothers Company

Shirts-and-Drawers $1.00 each

PERFECT FITTING
TOPKIS
BEST QUALITY

Union Suits $1.65 each